

MAY 23, 1955

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED

25 CENTS

ZALE FARRY
GIRL SKIN DIVER



There's no gin like **GORDON'S**

THE

Bent-Wing Thrasher

This bird can be quickly identified by his thrashing left wing. You might think he's ready to turn. But he's really flicking ashes, pointing out sights or waving to friends.



THE

Smart Bird

keeps both hands on the wheel . . . except when he's going to turn or stop. Then he gives crisp, clear signals in plenty of time.

The Smart Bird knows how to get crisp engine response, too. He uses premium gasoline. Higher-octane premium gasoline burns smoothly in modern engines . . . delivers full power and performance.



It's smart to use
premium gasoline



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CORPORATION

Get out and play!

Even if you
work yourself
into a tough spot on
National Golf Day —
cheer up —
that dollar you'll
give to the
National Golf Fund
will help the
Red Cross and
the game of golf
out of
tougher ones.



4th ANNUAL NATIONAL GOLF DAY—JUNE 4th

PLACE: Any golf course public or private

ELIGIBLE CONTESTANTS: Any duffer in the United States and Canada

MEN: Play against Ed Furgol, U.S. Open Champion

WOMEN: For the first time play against your own champion "Babe" Zaharias
The Champions play from scratch. You get the benefit of your full handicap

If you beat the Champions, you'll win a National Golf Day medal!

Play any day you can during the week preceding June 4th. Play as many times as you wish at \$1 per round.

Every dollar collected goes to the Red Cross and the National Golf Fund. Total contributions raised by the past three National Golf Days—\$317,000. LIFE underwrites all expenses of the tournament.

LIFE

Sponsored by the PGA and LIFE
with the cooperation of the USGA



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COVER: ZALE PARRY

Photograph by Bob Landry

Beautiful Zale Parry (see page 80) had no idea of becoming a skin diver until she fell in love with one. Husky Parry Bivens, an aquatic engineer, spent most of his time under water off the California coast, so Zale strapped on an air lung and went down to be with him. Entranced with the depths, she took up deep diving in earnest, set a world record for women by going down 309 feet. In August she and Bivens will surface and get married.

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

MEMORIAL DAY AT INDIANAPOLIS

An SI Preview of the big cars' day, with map, cutaway drawing and a gallery of top drivers

THE NINE LIVES OF LEO DUROCHER: PART II

Coach at Annapolis; the rowdy Gashouse Gang; the Dodgers, and his first pennant. By Robert Shaplen

THE GUN THAT WOULDN'T DIE

The faithful old lever-action rifle gets a new lease on life. With three pages of guns IN COLOR

SCOREBOARD A ROUNDUP OF THE WEEK'S NEWS

RECORD BREAKERS

●Charles Dumas, lanky, long-legged, 18-year-old Centennial High School senior from Inglewood, Calif., soared 6 feet 10 inches on first try to the Southern California's Ernie Shelton in West Coast Relays at Fresno, Calif., bettered national intercollegiate high jump record for third time. ●Henry's Sander Iharos raced 3,000 meters in fast 7:55.6 at Budapest, claimed

new world record for distance. Recognized mark: 7:58.8 set by Belgium's Gaston Reiff in 1949. ●Dedraie, Mrs. Jan Burke's 3-year-old son of Princeville, took to Jockey San Bonifacio's whip, finished strong, won by neck over favored Saratoga, survived foul claim to set new track standard of 1:48 1/5 for mile-and-eight in \$62,800 Jersey Stakes at Garden State Park.

BOXING

Rocky Marciano, heavy belter from Brockton, Mass., came through as expected, hammered out victory over England's relopoly Don Cockell, successfully defended world heavyweight championship at San Francisco's Kezar Stadium.

Raul (Raton) Macias, NBA-recognized bantamweight champion, toyed with Baby Moe Marno for four rounds, felled away with both hands in fifth, won by TKO when referee stopped no-nonsense bout at San Antonio, Tex.

Archie McBride, plodding, well-behaved Trenton, N.J. heavyweight, outpunched in-and-out Bob Saratfield, replacement for ailing Floyd Patterson, for 10 rounds, earned split decision in nationally televised fight at Chicago Stadium.

Paul Andrews, former No. 2-ranking light-heavyweight contender, made debut as heavyweight with Joe Louis in corner, went down for eight count in third round, came back to outpoint Jimmy Slade in 10-rounder at Buffalo, N.Y.

England's amateurs won last three bouts, edged touring U.S. Golden Gloves 4-1 before 12,000 spectators at London's Wembley Stadium.

BASEBALL

Chicago Cubs' toothpick-chewing, sore-armed Sam Jones pitched season's first no-hitter, first for Cubs since 1917, beat Pirates 4-0, walking first three men in ninth, fanning next three on 12 pitches. This, plus breaking Brooklyn's 11-game win streak 10-8, Bob Rush's second shutout of Giants 8-0, Warren Hacker's 5-2 win over New York, boosted Cubs above .500 mark.

Brooklyn Dodgers began behaving like mortals, lost more games (3) in week than in rest of season so far (2), despite one-hit, 3-4 win over Cubs, seven-hit, 7-1 win over Cincinnati by Don Newcombe, who earned fifth straight victory. Biggest disappointment for Dodgers was failure in season's debut by strikeout whiz Karl Spooner, knocked out in three innings by Redlegs, who went on to win bottom half of weekend double-header 11-4 as Dodgers committed six errors in one day.

Pittsburgh Pirates resumed normal behavior too, lost four on shutouts by St. Louis, 6-0; Cubs, 4-0; and defeats by Milwaukee, 8-3 and Cardinals, 5-1; win only over Braves 9-6 on grand-slam home run by Gene Freese.

New York Giants continued winning ways, beat Redlegs twice, 8-4, 6-3; St. Louis 4-3; Cubs 9-4; lost to Cubs 8-0, 5-2. Don Mueller returned to action, batted safely in 24th consecutive game, tied team record set in 1930.

Philadelphia Phillies ended losing streak at 13 games, beat Milwaukee 9-1 behind Robin Roberts' seven-hitter, remained in cellar, 15 games behind Brooklyn.

Boston Red Sox snapped five-game losing streak on day return of Ted Williams was announced, won five straight: from White Sox 4-3; from Kansas City 12-7, 4-3, 3-1; from Detroit 10-4; before losing to Tigers 9-3, as Detroit's Harvey Kuenn got four hits, raised average to .388.

Kansas City slumped to 2-5 pace for week, but Bobby Shantz continued heart-warming comeback with no-nonsense shutout relief job against Baltimore as A's won 2-0, and six-hit, 4-3 win over Yankees.

Chicago White Sox, at 4-1 pace, passed New York (3-3), took second place, only one game behind league-leading Cleveland. White Sox were only team to sweep flock of weekend double-headers, beating Washington 8-0, 5-4.

Baltimore Orioles, with lowest percentage in majors, .310, stayed deep in last place.

AUTO RACING

Jack McGrath, veteran Inglewood, Calif. driver, scored through four-lap 10-mile trial at record-breaking pace (143.793 mph for first lap, 142.580 for four laps) in yellow Hinkle Special, led qualifiers for 500-mile Memorial Day classic at Indianapolis after Bill Vukovich of Fresno, Calif., two-time "500" winner (1953-54), had crunched McGrath's old marks with 141.399 for one lap, 141.071 for four laps in Hopkins Special. Day earlier Jerry Hoyt of Indianapolis was first to qualify with 140.045, earned pole position. Other qualifiers in two-day trials: Tony Bettenhausen, Fred Agabashian, Sam Hanks, Walt Faulkner, Andy Linden.

Sherwood Johnston of Rye, N.Y., barreled his Ferrari around airport at average speed of 67.9 mph, beat out William C. Spear of Southport, Conn. in Maserati by two lengths to win featured Cumberland Classic at Cumberland, Md.

ROWING

Penn. first to end Navy's four-year, 31-race winning streak, drew even with hopeful Cornell mile from finish, settled into steady 32 beat, sterned away from Big Red to win Eastern heavyweight sprint championship by 1 1/4 lengths in 6:00.6, a 2,000-meter event on Potomac River at Washington, D.C. Lightly regarded Columbia surprised with strong spirit to edge Yale for third place; outclassed and weary Navy was dead last.

Penn.'s 150-pound crew grabbed early lead, withstood all challenges, nosed out MIT by half-length in 6:42.4, won Eastern

lightweight sprint title on wind-swept Charles River at Cambridge, Mass.

Dartmouth outpunched Rollins College in bitterly contested stretch pull, learned 22 minutes after race it had won Dad Vail Regatta by scant three inches and one-tenth second at Philadelphia.

Washington's inexperienced crew, including three oarsmen who had never rowed in intercollegiate competition, upset veteran California by 6 1/2 lengths in 2 1/2-mile regatta at Seattle, took Pacific Coast championship.

HORSE RACING

Beau Basher, kept off early pace by skillful Willie Shoemaker, made bid by moving up on outside around turn, outgated and outgamed Irish-bred Beasha in thrilling stretch duel to win by head in \$50,000 Oakland Handicap on closing day at Golden Gate Field, Albany, Calif.

King Ranch's handsome High Gun, voted top 3-year-old of 1954, made first start of year in \$35,400 Metropolitan Handicap at Belmont Park, N.Y., trailed for six furlongs, then moved into lead as Jockey Tony DeSantis sat tight and let him go, pulled away to beat Arismo by 4 1/2 lengths in good time of 1:55 3/5 for mile, increased earnings to \$347,575.

High Voltage, Whendley Stable's 3-year-old filly trained by Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons and ridden by Eddie Arcaro, overcame distaste for sloppy track, showed class that won 2-year-old filly honors last year, scooped home first by length in \$26,360 Black-Eyed Susan Stakes at Pimlico, Md.

HUNT RACING

Galant Ship, with young (22) H. C. (Jiggs) Baldwin up, chased favored Lady's Corner most of way, caught up after 22nd and last jump, went on to win by length in Radnor Hunt Cup Steeplechase at Malvern, Pa.

Glady Bug, durable 6-year-old mare, beat out The Deacon by nose in grueling three-mile, 18-jump Iroquois Steeplechase at Nashville, Tenn.

TRACK AND FIELD

Jim Golliday, slender, fast-breaking Northwestern speedster, sprinted hasty 100-yard dash in 6:09.3 to the world record set by Southern California's Mel Patton in 1948 and equaled by Australia's Hector Hoggan last year, turned in best performance in Big Ten Relays at Evanston, Ill.

Wes Santee, long-striding Kansas flyer who has inordinate dislike for wind, took another fling at elusive mile record, could do only 4:06.5 with breeze blowing at estimated 14 mph in West Coast Relays at Fresno, Calif.

Cornell's mile-relay foursome of Larry Laitomus, Andy Dadagian, Dick Stanton

and Johnny Morris ripped to victory in 3:18 to better Palmer Stadium record, gave Big Red slender 1/28-point edge over Yale (44-128-44) in Heptagonal games at Princeton, N.J. Princeton's Joe Myers won quarter-mile in 0:47.8; Penn's Johnny Haines scamped 160-yard dash in 0:09.5 for their most records.

Oklahoma A&M set five new records, piled up 80 points, romped off with 15th straight Missouri Valley Conference title at Tulsa, Okla. Aggies' towheaded J. W. Mashburn won 220, set league mark of 0:46.9 in quarter-mile, anchored mile-relay team in 8:14.6 race, was voted outstanding performer.

GOLF

Dutch Harrison overcame shaky start, shot par 70 round for 269 total, won Greenbrier Open by one stroke over Jackie Burke, Mike Souchak, Peter Thomson, Ed Oliver in four-way tie for runner-up.

Be Walsinger, under par for four straight days, won Hot Springs Open with 270.

VOLEYBALL

Stockton, Calif. YMCA staged spectacular rallies in both games, squeaked past Hollywood YMCA Stars 13-11, 14-11, repeated last year's victory in men's division of National Open championships at Norman, Okla. Santa Monica, Calif. Mariners won out over Houston Red Shields 15-7, 7-11, 15-5, captured women's title. Other champions: Florida State in college division; Houston YMCA in veterans' class; Los Alamitos in Armed Forces section.

BOWLING

Nellie Yella, Rockford, Ill. mother of two, showed good form, put together games of 255, 234, 213 for 695 total, took over singles lead in Women's IBC tournament at Omaha.

CHESS

Boris Ivkov of Yugoslavia drew his last game, brought score to 13-4, was declared winner of international jubilee tournament at Buenos Aires, U.S. Champion Arthur B. Bigler posted 10-7 record, finished in three-way tie for fifth.

MILEPOSTS

DERO—Terry Burns, 78, Canadian-born world heavyweight champion (1956-68) who last year said he had lost interest in boxing because it was "vicious and full of hatred," club owner, evangelist, of heart attack, at Vancouver, B.C. Although only 5 feet 7 inches and 175 pounds, Burns beat Marvin Hart in 20 rounds in 1906, claimed title, then lost it to Jack Johnson, who gave him bad beating before fight was stopped in 14th round at Sydney, Australia.

216D—Gilbert Laird (Jeepus) Jessop, 89, regarded as one of hardest-hitting cricketers players in game's history, author of *A Cricketer's Log*, *Cricket of Christendom*, *Crickets and How to Play It*; at Fordingham Vineyard, Dorchester, England. Referred to by poet as "the human catapult who wrecks the roofs of distant towns," Jessop, also known as The Croucher, scored 100 runs in game 55 times during long career.

MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL (Week Ending May 15)

AMERICAN LEAGUE					NATIONAL LEAGUE				
1. Cleveland	W 5, L 2	New York	Washington	Baltimore	1. Brooklyn	Chicago	Milwaukee	Cincinnati	
Sets: 20-9	9-4, 4-3	0-3	3-4, 9-9		W 4, L 2	3-0, 8-10	1-2, 6-2	13-2, 7-1	
Sets: 20-9					Sets: 25-5			4-11	
Pct: .600					Pct: .533				
2. Chicago	Boston	Baltimore	Washington		2. New York	Cincinnati	St. Louis	Chicago	
W 4, L 1	4-2, 3-4	4-2	3-0, 3-4		W 4, L 2	8-4, 4-2	4-3	0-5, 2-5	
Sets: 18-9					Sets: 15-13			9-4	
Pct: .667					Pct: .533				
3. New York	Cleveland	Detroit	Kansas City		3. Milwaukee	Pittsburgh	Brooklyn	Philadelphia	
W 3, L 3	6-9, 3-4	5-2, 7-6	3-4, 8-4		W 4, L 3	6-5, 8-2	2-1, 2-6	3-4, 4-3	
Sets: 17-11					Sets: 16-18			1-9	
Pct: .500					Pct: .500				
4. Detroit	Washington	New York	Boston		4. Chicago	Brooklyn	Pittsburgh	New York	
W 3, L 4	4-7, 7-0	2-5, 6-7	4-10, 9-3		W 4, L 2	0-3, 10-8	4-0	8-0, 5-2	
Sets: 16-14					Sets: 25-15			4-9	
Pct: .500					Pct: .514				
5. Boston	Chicago	Kansas City	Detroit		5. St. Louis	Philadelphia	New York	Pittsburgh	
W 5, L 2	4-4, 4-3	10-7, 4-3	10-4, 5-9		W 4, L 1	5-3, 4-3	3-4	4-0, 4-1	
Sets: 14-10					Sets: 12-13				
Pct: .438					Pct: .480				
6. Washington	Detroit	Cleveland	Chicago		6. Pittsburgh	Milwaukee	Chicago	St. Louis	
W 2, L 3	7-4, 9-7	3-0	5-3, 4-5		W 1, L 4	9-4, 3-8	0-4	0-5, 1-5	
Sets: 13-17					Sets: 21-17				
Pct: .393					Pct: .355				
7. Kansas City	Baltimore	Boston	New York		7. Cincinnati	New York	Brooklyn		
W 2, L 5	1-11, 2-0	7-12, 3-4	4-3, 4-8		W 1, L 4	4-8, 3-6	2-13, 1-7		
Sets: 11-18		1-3			Sets: 15-15		11-4		
Pct: .319					Pct: .250				
8. Baltimore	Kansas City	Cleveland	Chicago		8. Philadelphia	St. Louis	Milwaukee		
W 7, L 3	11-3, 0-2	3-6	4-1, 5-5		W 1, L 4	3-6, 5-2	4-5, 3-4		
Sets: 9-20					Sets: 9-15		5-1		
Pct: .300					Pct: .321				
INDIVIDUAL LEADERS					INDIVIDUAL LEADERS				
Batting—Vic Power, Kansas City, .355					Batting—Don Mueller, New York, .415				
Runs batted in—Guy Sperdick, Kansas City and Mickey Vernon, Washington, 28					Runs batted in—Duke Snider, Brooklyn, 36				
Home runs—Gus Zenzel, Kansas City, and Mickey Vernon, New York, 10					Pitching—Don Newkirk and Carl Hubelin, Brooklyn, 5-0				
Pitching—Judy Crenshaw, Chicago, and Early Wynn, Cleveland, 3-0									

OTHER RESULTS FOR THE RECORD

AUTO RACING

JACK HARRISON, Indianapolis, Circuit of Champions 150-mile non-convertible race, at Ford, Indianapolis, finished up. Old Derbyshire, Richmond, Ind. in dash. TIM FLOCK, Atlanta, NASCAR 150-mile Grand National, at Chrysler—280, Nashville, Va. Sunbelt-race. Lee Petty, Rockingham, N.C.

BOXING

EDUARDO LAMUSSE, 10-round decision over Dutch (Tiger) Jones, at Garden City, N.Y. RUDY BRUNELLE, 10-round draw with SONY JOHNSON, light heavyweight, Brooklyn, N.Y. ADONIS SAVILL, 10-round decision over Kid Costello, lightweight, New Orleans. VOLANDE POMPEY, 10-round decision over Eddie (Polly) Sachs, light heavyweight, Leicester, England. RAFAEL MONTEIRO, 10-round TKO over Tony Smith, welterweight, Brockton, Mass. ANDRE VALISARI, 12-round decision over Peter Kenna, welterweight, Sydney, Australia. ERICCO WILAR, 10-round decision over Johnny Casarez, welterweight, Miami Beach, Fla.

DOD SHOWS

CH DINOVO'S DUNK DANCER (Rembrandt), head-to-head, Springfield Kennel Club, Springfield, Mass.

GOLF

NARI FOREST, over R. Canchola, by 3 strokes, Atlantic Coast Conference tournament, Winston-Salem, N.C. MRS. COTY PROBASCO, Chattanooga, Tenn., over Mary Pat Jackson, 5 and 4, Southern Women's Amateur, Chattanooga, Ga.

HANDBALL

MAURIO BANFI, Far Rockaway, N.Y., by default over Morris Kravitz, Ritz Athletic well championship, Brooklyn, N.Y.

HORSE RACING

POLLY'S BET, \$25,150 Juvenile Stakes, 5 f., photo finish, at 8:44 A.M., Belmont Park, N.Y. 18th Arcata up. H. SMAIL, \$45,600 Belmont Futurity and Kentucky Derby, 1 1/4 lengths, in 0:39 Hollywood Park, Hollywood, Calif. Johnny Lunder up. ALFRED, \$20,000 Haskell Stakes, 3 1/2 m., by head, Rome, Polo Grounds up. KAHN, \$25,600 Golden State Handicap (handicap), 1 1/16 m., by 2 1/2 lengths, in 2:42 3/5, Hollywood Park, Hollywood, Calif. Ralph Nevers up.

SOCCER

USC, over UCLA, by 1 length, in S.O.S., Los Angeles.

SWIMMING

EDDIE WILLIAMS, Kansas City, in "Bedford" with 4:46 (swims) Southern Pine Regatta, Chickasaw Lake, Tenn.

STEEPLECHASE

SHIPBOARD, \$5,975 Corinthian Steeplechase Handicap, about 2 m., by 3 lengths, 3:41 1/2, Belmont Park, N.Y. Albert Post up.

TENNIS

(Davis Cup 2nd round) FRANCE over Argentina, 3-2, Paris. SWITZER over Switzerland, 5-0, Montreux, Switzerland. INDIA over Egypt, 5-0, Cairo. CHILE over Hungary, 3-2, Budapest. BELGIUM over Czechoslovakia, 5-0, Prague. DENMARK over S. Africa, 3-2, Copenhagen. ENGLAND over Australia, 4-1, Vienna. ITALY over Germany, 3-0, Munich.

(Missouri Valley Conference tournament) JOHN GOIN, Houston, 6, over C. Dean Olla, A&M, 6-3, 6-5, 6-2, men's singles. BETTIE BOE LUTHER, available 1, over Ron Sawyer and John Lawton, 6-3, 6-5, men's doubles.

ART LARSEN, San Leandro, Calif., over Nudge Petty, 7-5, 3-6, 7-6, 2-6, 6-4, Royal Tennis Club, (ref) International men's singles, Barcelona, Spain. MARILYN ROBINSON, Tulsa, over John Hines, U. of Florida, 6-3, 6-0, Southeastern Conference singles title, New Orleans.

TRAPSHOOTING

(Another championship of America, Pelham Manor, N.Y.) M. D. ELDER, Woodbury, Conn., men's doubles title, 53 of 100. GEORGE VAN NYCK, Nyack, N.Y., men's singles title, 126 of 200. ELMER JOHNSON, Wingham, N.Y., men's handicap title, 135 of 100. MRS. KAPIL JHANA, Philadelphia, women's singles, 88 of 100.

WATER POLO

WEST POINT over YAC, 6-2, Nat'l Junior Tournament, New York City.

JIMMY JEMAIL'S HOTBOX



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:

CCNY President Buell G.

Gallagher says: "All big-time college sports are subsidized. Players go to the highest bidder." Do you agree?

DR. BLAKE R. VANLEER, Atlanta



**President
Georgia Tech**

"That wasn't so when I was a student at Purdue. It wasn't true when I served on the faculties of the Universities of California, Florida and North Carolina State. Current practice is to trade an education for athletic ability and no more. In the Southeastern Conference we run down these rumors."

GEN. MARK CLARK, Charleston, S.C.



**President
The Citadel**

"To say that 'Players go to the highest bidder' is quite untrue. Yes, there is a lot of competition for the top players. It is not wrong to exchange a college education for athletic ability if a boy can do college work. But studies must come first. There is no compromise."

DR. FRANCIS P. GAINES, Lexington, Va.



**President
Washington and Lee
University**

"That is true in some universities. Personally, I believe it is a much healthier situation to have unsubsidized athletes. I speak as a college president who has tried both plans. After we dropped subsidized athletes, we had more boys volunteer for football than ever before."

DR. O. MEREDITH WILSON, Eugene, Ore.



**President
University of Oregon**

"In populous centers, sports are money-makers. From this stems the abuse which led to the charge, in itself a symptom of recognition that academic excellence and athletic irresponsibility must be in inverse ratio—that through subsidy, the integrity of higher education may be imperiled."

DR. HENRY M. WRISTON, Providence, R.I.



**President
Brown University**

"That's what I call overstatement for desired emphasis. It's not literally true, but there's more truth in it than I wish there were. In some colleges it is more true than others by far. It certainly isn't true at Brown or other Ivy League colleges. Proof is we're all losing money."

DR. OLIVER CARMICHAEL, Tuscaloosa, Ala.



**President
University of Alabama**

"That is an exaggerated statement which distorts the facts. Unfortunately it has enough truth to make it worrisome to universities anxious to maintain a proper balance in their athletic and scholastic programs. Funds are available for athletes but only on a scholastic basis."

DR. HENRY T. HEALD, New York City



**Chancellor
New York University**

"It's all too true. Intensive competition for athletes results from overemphasis on winning teams and gate receipts. The result is a never-ending spiral. This is one of the reasons NYU no longer plays football. It is time for colleges to place athletes in their proper perspective."

DR. HAROLD W. GOODS, Princeton, N.J.



**President
Princeton University**

"I disagree, wholeheartedly. Unfortunately there are too many examples where that is true to a degree, but Dr. Gallagher overlooks the colleges that are combating this with all their might and doing it successfully. Citing these regrettable examples does injustice to other colleges."

DR. JAY F. W. PEARSON, Coral Gables, Fla.

President

University of Miami



"Disagree. We follow the rules of the South-eastern Conference for scholarships and aid to athletes. We don't buy anyone. Our experience proves that boys select a school. They may like the country, the coach, the players. There are no inducements that unusual inducements are offered them."

DR. WILLIS M. TATE, Dallas, Texas

President

Southern Methodist



"Such emotional description is not fair. All worthwhile educational activities are subsidized. We give many more scholarships to theology students. To say that an athlete goes to the highest bidder is false. Boys needing aid are still attracted by the best educational opportunities."

DR. LLOYD MOREY, Urbana, Ill.

President

University of Illinois



"I disagree, definitely. A statement like that is not accurate or in accordance with the facts. Through my acquaintance in other colleges, we are making every effort to keep away from a situation of that kind. I am positive Dr. Gallagher's description does not exist in the Big Ten."

NEXT WEEK'S QUESTION:

"What frightens you most?"
(Asked of adventurers and explorers.)



TURN-O-GRAPH

Rolex Oyster Perpetual with ingenious turn recorder . . . a calibrated rim surrounding the dial which can be hand set to measure elapsed time in counting, heating, drying, and all kinds of operations . . . waterproof, self-winding, shock-shooting . . . available with black dial . . . in watches steel at \$150 F.T.T. and in stainless steel with 14kt. gold bezel, at \$215 F.T.T.



SKINDIVER

Rolex Oyster Perpetual designed specifically for deep sea diving and all aquatic sports . . . special steel Oyster case is guaranteed waterproof and pressurized to a depth of 300 feet . . . magnetic Rolex studies periods of time to be measured at a glance . . . comfortably for checking in and on supply under water . . . "Flashed" stainless steel bracelet.



SPORTSMAN

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Has both sub-dial and sub-dial for measurement of hours and speed . . . features movement running on smoothness of a second (see Minute and Tachometer recorder). The shock-resistant movement is completely protected against dust, water or moisture by GENEVE Rolex Chrono case. In stainless steel \$150 F.T.T., or 18kt. gold case \$200 F.T.T.



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Subscription Rates: 1 yr. \$7.50, U.S., Canada and
active military personnel anywhere in the world;
all other subscriptions, 1 yr. \$10.

Please address all correspondence concerning
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED to the editorial and advertising
departments to: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 9 Rockefeller
Place, New York 20, N.Y.

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Chicago 11, Ill. Changes of address require four
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THE LATE Wilbur Shaw, who won the Indianapolis "500" three times and was president of the Speedway when he died, said: "When the starting flag goes down, you become an integral part of a tornado, and there's nothing you can do but pray."

On Memorial Day this "tornado," the nation's greatest auto race, will attract once again around 150,000 spectators, the largest single crowd to witness any sports event in the country. The race will take about four hours. But behind these roaring hours lie months of preparation, years of tradition and, next week, to place the climactic four hours in clear perspective, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** presents an Indianapolis PREVIEW.

Our PREVIEW will include a review of the development of the race as a front-rank annual sports event; a diagram of the 2½-mile track with its salient features; and a rundown with photographs of the cars and drivers to watch.

As part of our regular racing coverage **SI** has already brought you: the *Carrera Pan-Americana*, the 12-hour *Grand Prix of Endurance* at Sebring and the *Italian Mille Miglia*. Being merely a reasonably conventional driver of a conventional car, I was highly interested in what makes the Indianapolis "500" what it is. I learned that the other races are much more international in character, in terms of the drivers, the makes of cars competing and in the use of road courses rather than a banked oval. And the "500" is the only U.S. race in which drivers can earn points toward their international grand prix standings.

The Meyer-Drake Offenhauser engine powers almost every car which runs at Indianapolis. An entirely U.S. product, it so successfully meets the demands of oval tracks, which do not require constant change of gears, that foreign engines now seldom challenge it at Indianapolis. **SI's** PREVIEW will include a two-page cross-section of a typical Indianapolis racer, an Offenhauser-powered Kurtis Kraft, with major mechanical elements detailed down to the spark plugs.

But of course there is more to the great race than rpm's, displacements and the facts of the track. No one knew this better than Wilbur Shaw. As an added starter to its PREVIEW, **SI** publishes next week a chapter from Shaw's forthcoming book, *Graffiti, Start Your Engines*, which tells his hectic role in the 1931 race.

Then it's just a short wait until the flag goes down and the 1955 "tornado" starts.

Harry Phillips



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NINE FLAT

THE CLOCKERS could hardly believe their eyes—or their watches. In the 100-yard dash at the Louisiana State-Tulane track meet last week, winner Billy Jones of LSU was caught in the magic, the unattainable time of 9.0 flat. It was a moment for history, a moment of timeless glory not only for Billy Jones but for all who saw it happen. To make everything legal the officials measured off the distance—and found it 90 yards instead of 100.

DIRTY BUSINESS (CONT.)

SUSPENSION of boxing for 90 days —which is what Governor George M. Leader of Pennsylvania did to it in his state last week—is better than forever. It gives time to think, to evaluate and to investigate. It does not quite revert to the time when boxing was, like liquor, under Prohibition.

Boxing is headed that way, though. There has been enough dirty business in the sport to make the old-fashioned saloon look like the Vassar campus at Commencement. The dirt has begun to come out for all to see, as when boxing fans in a million homes, as well as those at Philadelphia's Arena, watched Harold Johnson stagger drunkenly, because drugged, through two fitful rounds with Julio Mederos, 1-4 underdog, and then collapse (SI, May 16). Governor Leader ordered an investigation, then issued his three-month suspension order. This week the Pennsylvania investigation began.

What Governor Leader noted was that the drugging of Johnson must have been apparent even before he stumbled up the ring steps to begin the fight. The boxer's handlers, nevertheless, let him continue until legs and arms were patently useless.

While James H. Crowley, Pennsylvania's new commission chairman, was trying to find out who drugged Johnson, Julius Helfand, New York's new boxing commission chairman, was studying some drugless surgery by which Vince Martinez, third-ranked welterweight, was cut off from his livelihood. Helfand awaited the testimony of James D. Norris, president of the Inter-

national Boxing Club, and William Daly, treasurer of the International Boxing Guild, a managers' organization, to complete his inquiry.

He had heard Harry Markson, IBC's astute general manager, express a wish that somehow all the power of Jim Norris, who holds exclusive contracts with all but the flyweight and bantamweight champions (both foreign) and of the IBC, which Norris controls and which in turn controls the prime TV and other boxing outlets, could have persuaded just one fight manager to give just one fight to Vince. But Vince had split with his manager, *continued on next page*

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

A \$75 million sports center with a 100,000-seat stadium is going up in Moscow as bait for the 1960 or 1964 Olympics—perhaps the most peace-loving news to come out of Moscow all week.

Twice in a week Texan Walt Davis high jumped a magic seven feet at local exhibitions, unofficially bettering his own world's record of 6 feet 11½ inches.

Sprinter Jim Golliday, back at Northwestern U after two years in the Army, tied Mel Patton's world record of 9.5 for 100 yards at the Big Ten Relays in Evanston. His tail wind of 3.32 mph was not enough to disqualify the mark for official acceptance.

Four-minute Miller Dr. Roger Bannister shocked Swiss alpinists by climbing the precipitous Finsteraarhorn (alt. 14,000 ft.) with two equally fearless friends but

no guide. "It was close to suicide," said the amazed Swiss.

High Gun, the King Ranch's champion three-year-old of 1954, looked so good winning the Metropolitan Handicap at Belmont, his first 1955 start, that Trainer Max Baer may send the horse to England this summer to run at Ascot.

Apartheid, South Africa's strict color segregation policy, may result in getting that nation barred from the 1956 Olympiad when the International Olympic Committee meets in Paris in June. The ban could be avoided if South Africa would permit Negroes to compete on her team, but she definitely won't.

700,000 tickets for the 1956 Olympic Games go on sale in Melbourne this week. Australians expect them to be gobbled up within a few days.

continued from page 19

Daly, and in spite of that action, Vince was "grounded."

"He is... an excellent attraction," Markson said, contemplating a Martinez bout. But, he said, after IBC had made valiant efforts to get fights for Martinez, it began to appear that other managers had an "exalted sympathy... if I may use that expression," for Daly.

Indeed, he said, managers "have avarice and cupidity in their hearts" and would try to promote championship fights themselves, unless IBC exercised its promotional control.

As to the Martinez blacklisting, Markson thought it was "disgraceful and outrageous" that a fighter he regarded as only two fights away from a championship bout should be so treated.

These were the right things to say. They put IBC on the side of the angels. They were a refined echo of previous testimony by Billy Brown (Dominick Mordini), IBC matchmaker in New York, except that the less astute Billy had let slip Daly's good relations with Norris—so good that out of "courtesy" for Mr. Norris, Daly sometimes asked Norris's approval before he signed for a fight.

BEN HOGAN, 1955

THE WELL-MADE little man in white trousers and cap and dark blue shirt stood with one foot in the sand trap, one on the grass near the 18th green. He was ringed by nearly 5,000 anxious spectators. His flat, boxer's face was expressionless as he studied the wide green expanses between himself and the pin hearing the red flag. Briskly his thick, powerful boxer's arms swished a wedge through the rough grass.

The crowd was quiet as all golf crowds are, but with a special quiet here. The little man had made his shot quickly, the ball lifting in a high, too-long trajectory past the pin and off the green on the far side. He trudged after it, his left leg slightly stiff with the suggestion of the limp he gets when he is tired. He chipped back toward the hole and the ball rolled four feet too far.

He missed his four-foot putt coming back for a hooey, tapped the ball in the cup and looked, still expressionless, down at the hole. Then he turned and marched off to the scorer's tent to turn in his card. As he left the green he grinned at someone in the crowd. He was relaxed and not unhappy.

This was Ben Hogan in the year 1955, finishing a 9-over-par 289 to wind up 11th in the Colonial Country Club Invitation Tournament at Fort Worth—a tournament that used to be considered Ben Hogan's own, since it was in Fort Worth that he started nearly 20 years ago and here that he was almost always sure to win in his great days. In those great days winning seemed almost as important to Ben Hogan as life itself, and he played every tournament with a concentration that shut out the crowd and the other golfers and left Ben alone with the ball and the cup and the problem of uniting the two.

At the peak of his career Hogan could concentrate so completely that he could drive a grievously broken body into performing miracles of golfing skill and power by simply ignoring its protests and playing as if he had never had his pelvis and one leg smashed. It seemed he could win any tournament if he wanted to badly enough. It was always Ben Hogan against the field.

Now the concentration which wrapped Hogan in solitude during his great rounds was diluted, and he could smile occasionally and trade words with friends. Being the man he is, he knows he can't do two things with the perfection he demands of himself, and Ben's major attention is presently focused on a new business enterprise through which he will launch a full arsenal of his own specially designed golf equipment. "I'm not playing serious golf any more," he explained after

finishing that last round at the Colonial. "You lose some of your concentration when you quit the tournament circuit. My golf club business is a full-time job. I won't play in more than three or four tournaments a year any more."

A new generation of younger golfers is now fighting to occupy the Hogan pedestal. But lest they grow too cocky too soon, they should remember that Hogan will be in San Francisco in June for the last of his four 1955 appearances—the U.S. Open, The Colonial Invitational and last week's event at Greenhrier (where he finished sixth) simply rank as tune-ups for the Mighty Mite. He can still concentrate on the fairways when he has to, and Ben is not going to San Francisco just to enjoy the view of the bay.

AND NEVER THE TWAIN?

EVER SINCE Swaps extended his California nose across the Kentucky Derby finish line a length and a half ahead of Nashua's New York sniffer the air over U.S. race tracks has been crackling with all the ingredients of a noisy controversy. This is the year, you'll remember, that Nashua was to have become the first horse since Citation (1948) to win the Triple Crown (Derby, Preakness, Belmont).

So what happens? Well, here comes Swaps out of the West to knock that dream smack into the bottom of a julep heater. Does this set Swaps up as the potential Triple Crown champion? No, it doesn't, because somewhere along the line Swaps's owner, Rex Ellsworth, neglected to pay up the sum total of \$250 to nominate his horse for all three events. Ellsworth went, all right, for the \$100 Derby nomination fee (to which he later added \$1,500 to start Swaps), but some people would have you believe that a smart man like Rex Ellsworth and a smart man like his trainer, Meshach Tenney, simply forgot all about the other two events. And on top of Swaps's very fine Derby victory comes a mess of moaning and groaning that the Derby winner can't automatically be made eligible to the Preakness and to the Belmont—where his superiority might be proven once and for all.

The truth of the matter is that Swaps was never denied an opportunity to become a Triple Crown winner. Nominations for all three events closed the same day—February 15 of this year—and by that date the owners of some 191 3-year-olds had announced their intentions of running in one or



LETIONETTE OF HOME MARS

Cross the plate
Midst the noise
And swagger with
Nonchalant poise.

Shake all hands,
Pull cup's bellows;
Covet the thought—
'T'wixt nuthin'.

—BARNEY HUTCHISON

more of the stakes—125 in the Derby, 152 in the Preakness and 118 in the Belmont. Seventy-eight colts were nominated for all three. Swaps was not one of them, despite the fact that his credentials as a 2-year-old included earnings of \$20,950. At Pimlico, where they run off the Preakness on May 28, supplementary nominations at \$7,500 each were being accepted until last



Saturday. Swaps was not a supplementary nomination last Saturday. The Belmont Stakes does not accept supplementary nominations—even from California's leading breeder, Ellsworth, of course, knew this when he said the other day, "If we could get into the Belmont, we'd stay East for the Preakness too."

"It's high time," says a Belmont Park official, "that people stop treating us as though we alone are responsible for preventing another Swaps-Nashua race in the Belmont Stakes. If owners of some 118 horses each saw fit to put up \$100 in nomination fees back in February, Ellsworth could have done the same thing if he'd wanted to race in the East. Anybody with a good 3-year-old is fully aware of the opportunities for his horse."

"I talked with Ellsworth at some length last winter at Santa Anita," says New York Racing Secretary and Handicapper Jimmy Kilroe (who performs the same duties at Santa Anita). "It was common knowledge that Ellsworth was pointing Swaps for the Kentucky Derby, but he never—even when he knew Swaps was a good colt—mentioned the possibility of nominating him for the Belmont."

All this pointed up to an obvious deduction: Ellsworth and Tenney took dead aim on the Derby alone. The other two races didn't matter. They did a superb job carrying off their program with a victory for Swaps. Now they have taken their horse, their winnings and their prestige back home. From the start the Triple Crown had lost—for them—much of the significance it once enjoyed. The Kentucky Derby alone retains its over-all prestige, but California racing for a Californian like Ellsworth (who has many other horses besides Swaps to consider) can offer over-all higher purse opportunities to his stable than any other area in the country. So, why should Ellsworth take the trouble and spend the money to race in

the East if he doesn't want to? How many of the big eastern stables go out to California to race?

None of this discussion, of course, is getting Swaps and Nashua any closer together. "Maybe," says Nashua's owner, William Woodward, "there should be a match race—provided, that is, both these colts continue to dominate their respective areas."

We say fine—and offer a suggestion. Nashua is due in Chicago for the \$100,000 Arlington Classic July 16. Swaps is due there for the \$100,000 American Derby August 20.

Between those two races there is just time for a match race—half way between East and West.

ANYONE FOR BEAGLES?

ZEKE BONURA, who gained equal measures of fame in the big leagues as one of baseball's best hitters and worst fielders, has discovered down on a Louisiana farm the fountain of youth for ballplayers—raising and training beagles. The revelation came too late to help old Zeke but, with a typical big-hearted Bonura gesture, he passes it along for future generations.

Those who watched him lumber around first base for the White Sox, Senators, Giants and Cubs in half a dozen pre-World War II seasons may have a little trouble reconciling their last impression of the tanklike slugger

with his present occupation. Zeke and great Dames they could understand. But not beagles. Yet Bonura has been raising the little rabbit chasers, which look strangely like foxhounds lopped off at the first joint, since about 1932 down on his St. Rose, La. farm and he booms the work which goes into training them as the best leg conditioner in the world. The onetime New Orleans banana merchant, now 45 and 240 unsvelte pounds, has a firm conviction he could still be in the majors, at least as a pinch-hitter, if he had been a beagle man all his life.

"My eyes are as good as ever," he says, "and with that ball they're using these days all you have to do is meet it and it goes reeling off into the stands. But my legs are gone."

Zeke has an idea his once-powerful underpinnings would have lasted much longer had he been out in the woods during those early years, trailing along for endless miles after his dogs. That's what he does now, following them four or five hours a day to train them and get them ready for field trials. "You're walking or jogging and you don't get tired because you've got your mind on those dogs," Zeke says. "You're watching to see how they react when they get on the trail of a rabbit, so you cover a lot of ground and never realize it. You build up your legs without knowing it."

continued on next page



"I believe this concerns you as well as the rest of us, Hartley!"

continued from page 16

A young beagle is trained by first letting it run with an older dog until a rabbit is jumped. Then the pup just does what comes naturally. It's only a question of time before a good beagle will recognize the scent of a rabbit and follow it as long as he is allowed to run.

Beagle raising has been both a pleasant and profitable venture for Bonura. He won his first field trial championship last January and has two young dogs which he says are certain champions of the future. Zeke sells beagles too, getting \$75 to \$100 for a puppy as



a result of the boom which has swept the little hound into the nation's No. 1 spot in popularity figures of the American Kennel Club. He has also been offered as much as \$1,500 for a blue-ribbon winner but doesn't like to sell his older dogs. "I got too attached to them," Zeke says.

It is this attitude which keeps him from going into the dog business as a full-time financial venture. That and his still-active interest in baseball. Bonura managed various minor league teams for several years after the war and still works quietly at scouting assignments. He's hopeful, furthermore, of getting back into baseball as a manager or coach. "Baseball is my business," he says. "This beagle thing is just a sport."

BOUNCE ON THE COAST

PEPSI COLA, a beverage which endeavors to supply "more bounce to the ounce," is dedicated to the proposition that life should be led with zest. A world full of people full of Pepsi Cola would presumably bound around like tennis balls. Baseball players, however, incline more toward the sudsier drinks, and, as the Pepsi Cola people have noted, the results show it. Ballplayers are sluggish and often go about their work as if they had nothing better to do. This has been especially true in the Pacific Coast League, where night games used to be a standard treatment for insomnia.

Sensibly refraining from trying to convert the Coast League athletes to their beverage overnight, the Pepsi people thought up a clever ruse. They decided to offer the players money to

stimulate the Pepsi Cola tempo, which is sometimes referred to in baseball parlance as "hustle." This year at the suggestion of Claire Goodwin, the league's new president and a former Pepsi Cola man himself, the company put up \$20,000 in prizes for Coast League players and managers and coaches and umpires who showed the most hustle—i.e. bounce per ounce.

Each month Pepsi hands out \$2,500 worth of these awards—\$1,500 for the most hustling team, \$200 apiece to each of five players who show various kinds of energy and improvement. At first, most of the eligibles were as nonplused over the prospect as Oakland Manager Lefty O'Doul, who said: "I'm not against it." Meaning the money.

When the first month's awards were announced recently no one was surprised to learn that first-place Seattle had taken the team award; or that Chesty Chester Johnson, a Sacramento pitcher who had been the league's comic relief for years, would split a prize for "contributing the most on and off the field"; or that San Francisco's hard-hitting young third baseman Joe Kirrene took the rookie award. These boys were trying. The ones who were having trouble were those lardy baseline coaches. Moving toward the dugout at their time-honored somnambulant

gait, they would suddenly break into what World War II soldiers used to call a "Dixie two-step." Then some big voice in the stands was sure to say: "What's the matter, Patsy? Do you think Goodwin's watching you?"

Around the league, however, the opinion is growing that the hustle is beginning to pay off. In a recent series for instance, San Francisco and Sacramento played three consecutive games in 1:22, 1:52 and 1:31. Optimistic Claire Goodwin believes it won't be long before the Coast League's absent fans will return to the ball parks and discover that you can now watch a night game and get home in time for breakfast.

THE (TOUGH) SPORTING LIFE

QUESTIONED RECENTLY as to the reason for his quick getaway in the slugging department this season, Brooklyn's Carl Furillo explained that he had adopted golf principles to improve his hitting technique.

"I've done two things. I've stiffened my neck so I keep my eye on the ball, and I've changed my grip. Now I hold my neck rigid . . ."

As the Dodgers were beating the Chicago Cubs last week, Carl Furillo was benched by a stiff neck.

SPECTACLE

THE BOAT RACE

Fiercely partisan Britons crowd the Thames as Oxford and Cambridge meet for their great traditional race

Spring—in the course of 60-odd days—brings Britons three sports classics which rate almost as national institutions: the Oxford-Cambridge boat race, the football (soccer) cup finals (see page 22) and the Epsom Derby. The Boat Race comes first of all, virtually with the spring equinox, and presents Englishmen with an urgent need—almost as a point of honor—to back their convictions with a bet. Long before the start of this year's race (opposite page), which the light blues of Cambridge won by a shattering 16 lengths, newspapers gave meticulous coverage to the prerace trials and workouts, and citizens from Land's End to the Orkneys speculated on the outcome. On Boat Race Saturday, several hundred thousand spectators, fortified with picnic lunches, lined the banks of the Thames while other enthusiasts followed the race in launches. Throughout, the throngs on shore shouted themselves hoarse and afterward continued their celebrations far into the night—trusting that magistrates are generally lenient on Boat Race night.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOPER



Oxford (above) carries traditional dark-blue-tipped oars to boat. (Below) Cambridge crew totes shell from boathouse



OXFORD-CAMBRIDGE continued



Discarded shoes are left on the dock as stocking-footed Oxford crew settle down in their shell just before start of the race



Training for race, Oxford (above) goes





over Thames course along Fulham Wall. Below, on similar mission Cambridge rows beneath railway near Putney Bridge



OXFORD-CAMBRIDGE *continued*



Oxford crewmen E. V. Vinc (No. 2 man in boat), G. Serrell (stroke) and J. M. Wilson (No. 3 man) arrive at boathouse



Spectators at Chiswick Steps patiently endure the chilly spring air while waiting for the race to begin

Cambridge "Old Blues" Claude Taylor, '03 (left), and J. B. Rosher, '11 (right), chin with Oxford's Don Burnell, '56





PROPHETIC SIGN HUNG OVER LOSER COCKELL AS THE FAUNCHY CHALLENGER CAUGHT A GLOVE WITH HIS CHIN DURING SPARRING SESSION

THE COCKNEY CHALLENGER

MOST BRITONS who so cheerfully put up a few bob on the outcome of the boat race were not prepared to back a native son seeking the world's heavyweight title at San Francisco, even at 6-1 odds. Like his countrymen of 300 years ago, Don Cockell came to "the colonies" to make his fortune and like many of the early settlers he was ill

equipped for the task. A slabby 205-pounder, Farmer Cockell is built more along the lines of one of his prize boars than the superbly muscled fighting machine deemed necessary to win the title from the almost indestructible Rocky Marciano. Before the fight the 26-year-old Cockell lost a bitter round to the California ring officials who decreed a

16½-foot ring—to the dismay of the Briton who preferred a 20-foot ring. The challenger also suffered the low rating of American newspapermen and was given up for lost by most British sportswriters who visited the Marciano camp. To nobody's surprise, Rocky Marciano stepped out of the ring still world heavyweight champion.



WEMBLEY'S BIG AFTERNOON

It's Cup Final day (soccer) at London's great stadium, with the Queen and the Duke among the 100,000 singing hymns and cheering as a 'lucky' Newcastle United team upsets favored Manchester City 3-1

by **ANDRE LAGUERRE**

IN ENGLISH EYES and hearts it is the greatest sporting event of the year. In American terms, it is a Kentucky Derby and a World Series rolled into one.

It would take all the color and excitement of both U.S. classics, with perhaps a heavyweight championship boxing match thrown in, to match the outpouring of affection, enthusiasm and passion that is released late in the springtime in Britain when the two best soccer football teams in the land face each other in London's great Wembley Stadium before 100,000 spectators to whom, for this precious afternoon, nothing else matters in the whole wide world. This is the Cup Final, the ultimate battle for the world's most famous soccer trophy, the silver Football Association cup which stands 19 inches high and weighs 175 ounces. It is worth around \$70 in cash—and it could not be bought for a maharajah's weight in diamonds.

This year the mixture was as before. Queen Elizabeth was there with the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Margaret. The two finest teams were there to fight it out: Manchester City and Newcastle United, giants of professional soccer's first division, the survivors of the Football Association's eliminations which began last August. The 100,000 who paid \$140,000 to watch the final were considered the luckiest people in Britain. Certainly 500,000 would have bought tickets if there had been room for them; \$7 tickets were selling for \$140 on the black market. Every year, competition for tickets is so keen that fans try all sorts of ruses to gain admission. In 1952 a man almost slipped through the turnstiles with a 1932 ticket. The day before each year's game, attendants carefully search the entire stadium and invariably flush out fans who paid to enter Wembley for some other entertainment a day or so earlier and then hid themselves on tops of girders, in rest rooms, in holes and corners—anywhere, whatever the discomfort, just so they could sneak out on Cup Final afternoon. Some have even tried to dig tunnels under the gates.

However they get there, the spectators arrive early to enjoy the pregame Wembley spectacle. An hour before the game a community singing leader persuades almost everyone to join in well-known hymns which build up to a misty-eyed, hump-in-throat chorus of 100,000 voices in *Abide with Me*.

With the Coldstream Guards in scarlet, blue and gold against the rich green of Wembley's grass carpet, the final five minutes before game time are unserving to spectators and players alike. Not only are there the hymns and the music of the bands, but there is also the arrival of the royal party, the brandishing of pennants and rosettes in

the colors of the favored teams and finally there is the ear-splitting roar which greets the two teams as they jog up the tunnel under the stands and onto the field.

No soccer professional is ever quite impervious to the Wembley "final" atmosphere. Not that there is a lot of money in it for him—a mere \$56 if he is on the winning side, plus a cut in \$1,540 shared by approximately 25 teammates on his club roster. It is always easy to spot a nervous soccer player at Wembley. He can't step off a pitching mound to wipe his forehead nor out of a batting box to knock mud from his cleats, so he prances up and down even on a warm day as if he sought to restore his circulation—anything rather than stand still in the face of the drama before him.

As drama, this year's Cup Final had practically everything. First of all, it was an upset. Manchester City was favored to win. The club stood higher than Newcastle in the league table. When Hungary whipped England at Wembley two years ago and proved that England could no longer claim to be unquestioned world soccer masters, Manchester City was the only club which decided to change

continued on next page

QUEEN ELIZABETH, attending games with Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Margaret, presents cup to Captain Secular.



RIVAL CAPTAINS, Manchester City's Roy Paul (left) and Newcastle United's Jimmy Secular lead their players onto field.

CUP FINAL

continued from page 23

its style of play. Traditional British style is for the center forward to lie well up in the field while his two inside forwards hang back to feed him the ball. Manchester copied the Hungarians by pushing up their inside forwards and pulling back the center. This had the result of drawing the opposing center half, whose job it is to take care of the center, too far from his own goal, creating a gap which was exploited by the other Manchester attackers.

These tactics took Manchester close to the head of the league this season and made them 2-1 favorites to beat Newcastle at Wembley.

Newcastle, though, had something important in its favor: luck. It is a team apparently born under a lucky star. It was playing its 10th final (no other club has reached the final so often) and its third at Wembley in five years. "Wembley, indeed," remarked *The Times*, "has become to Newcastle what coal is to Newcastle."

THE MANCHESTER POETS

This season, Newcastle reached the final unimpressively, scraping through narrow wins against weak clubs. More than once they had won only by a lucky-looking goal. But the truth is that they made their luck, playing tough, straightforward, opportunistic soccer. The morning of the Cup Final, Scottie Hall summed it up in the *London Daily Sketch*:

"Manchester are the poets, the creators of soccer beauty. Newcastle are the sound jobbing plumbers. But unlike the race of plumbers, Newcastle never forget to bring their tools to the job. I hereby nominate Newcastle."

In the *Mirror*, Bob Ferrier agreed: "Their [Newcastle's] blundering indiscretions and sheer audacity go beyond belief. Just as they are the masters of not doing the obvious, so they are masters at making the most of 'today' . . . they have the marrow of greatness in their bones."

"But there is something more. They walk in company with the gods that

AND HERE AT HOME

Two of the top English soccer teams, Sunderland and Huddersfield, and a crack German eleven from Nuremberg are currently touring the U.S. and playing local and all-star teams in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Detroit and St. Louis. Sunderland, which went to the semifinals in the English Challenge Cup competition, and Huddersfield, which went in the sixth round, also will play in Montreal, Winnipeg and Toronto before the tour ends on June 5. Nuremberg, with several players from the world championship West German team in its lineup, was scheduled to conclude its U.S. tour against Sunderland at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn this week.

guard this game of football. They are the chosen, the darlings, the silver-spoon boys. Call it second sight or a sporting sixth sense—whatever it is, Newcastle have it, and it always brings them home when all seems clearly lost."

Just before the start of the game Newcastle looked like a team sure of its destiny. The players were relaxed as they stood at attention to shake hands with the Queen and the Duke. Manchester looked tense, keyed up.

Newcastle coolness brought one of

the quickest goals in Wembley history. From the corner flag their winger, Len White, banged the ball to the head of Jackie Milburn, standing, unforgivably unmarked, 12 yards outside the Manchester goal. Milburn swayed back, then snapped his head forward, hitting the ball with all the strength his neck could summon. It went like a bullet to the underside of the crossbar of the Manchester goal, bounced down on the right side (for Milburn) and Newcastle was one up 45 seconds after the kickoff.

NEWCASTLE IS INJURED

Worse was to follow for Manchester. In the 19th minute their right full-back, Jimmy Meadows, raced for the ball in competition with Newcastle's will-of-the-wisp left winger, Bobby Mitchell. Meadows forgot the dragging power of the unusually thick Wembley grass: the cleats of his right shoe caught in the turf and he fell, tearing the ligaments of his knee, which might be enough to put him out of soccer for good. Certainly it ended his appearance at Wembley, and luckless Manchester was left with 10 men.

Since substitutions are not permitted in British soccer, the dice were now heavily loaded in Newcastle's favor. Just the same, it was under this handicap that Manchester began to play high-class football, rewarded 30 seconds before the end of the first half with an equalizing goal, brilliantly headed by Bobby Johnston.

In the second half the strain told, and Newcastle put the game on ice with two more goals. In the closing minutes the Manchester goalkeeper, Bert Trautmann (a former German POW who is now the idol of Manchester fans), was mercilessly peppered by the Newcastle forwards, and the score might easily have been much higher. Seemingly victory, Newcastle supporters around the great bowl began to chant *Blaydon Races*, the triumphant tribal song of northeast England.

Then it was the long final whistle, and Jimmy Scouler, Newcastle captain, getting the cup from the hands of the Queen, and the Manchester squad, tired and sweating, trotting into the tunnel, heads low. Then wave after wave of cheers crashing across the arena as Scouler walked over the field, happily waving the cup, his colleagues in the black-and-white striped shirts waving too and grinning in the greatest moment of their lives. Finally the crowd, reluctant to leave, thinning slowly.

Another Cup Final was history—and Newcastle luck had held. (KKK)

DUKE OF EDINBURGH CHATS WITH NEWCASTLE UNITED PLAYERS BEFORE START OF CUP GAME





DOWN REVEE (LEFT), KEY MAN OF MANCHESTER CITY ATTACK, IS STOPPED IN SCORING TRY BY NEWCASTLE UNITED'S GOALIE, RONNIE SIMPSON

DEGORGATED MANCHESTER FAN CROWDS TOO SOON



NEWCASTLE UNITED PLAYERS GET READY TO TOAST VICTORY WITH CHAMPAGNE FROM CUP





WITH BASES LOADED IN THE NINTH INNING SAM JONES OF CHICAGO CUBS THROWS HARD TO PROTECT SUCCESSFULLY NO-HITTER OF WHICH HE WAS

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

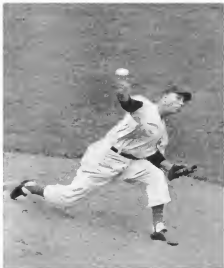
RITES OF SPRING: BASEBALL STYLE

As the symphony of baseball swung into its second month, the pitching theme reached an artful peak. Sad Sam Jones, a 29-year-old right-hander picked up by the Chicago Cubs in the trade which sent Ralph Kiner to Cleveland, fired a no-hitter against Pittsburgh's version of the whiz kids. Munching a single toothpick throughout the game (he usually consumes

CITATIONS go to Dodger Manager Walter Alton, honored by National Pickle Packers Association "for getting out of the biggest

pickle of the year," and Jackie Robinson, who was sued for \$40,000 by a Milwaukee couple struck by Robinson's flying bat last year.





UNAWARE UNTIL TEAMMATES MOBBED HIM AFTER FINAL OUT. SOMEWHAT WILD IN BEGINNING, JONES'S CURVE WAS MAGNIFICENT AT GAME'S END

seven or eight), Jones gave up seven walks, struck out six to win 4-0 and record the 93rd no-hitter since 1900. Jones came close to being pulled out of the game in the ninth inning when he walked the first three Pirates to face him. After a conference with Manager Stan Hack, however, he fanned the side.

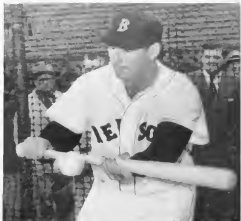
Some sharp contrapuntal crescendos of booming bats were offered to offset

the beguiling pitching themes (there have been three one-hitters in addition to Jones's *magnum opus*). The New York Yankees' aging boy wonder Mickey Mantle became the 86th player in the major leagues to hit three home runs in one game, and Ted Williams, with his divorce settlement arranged, could afford to return to play for the Boston Red Sox (below right).

Some sideline notes of the symphony were a variety of citations to Manager Walter Alton of the far-front-running Brooklyn Dodgers and Dodger Jackie Robinson (below left). Backing up the entire orchestration were the smashing climaxes between catcher and base runner at the pay-off position of home plate as recorded in the fine press photographs on pages 28 and 29.

SLUGGER Mickey Mantle poses with bats, indicating two home runs hit left-handed, one right-handed against Detroit. Ted

Williams practices hunting after joining the Boston Red Sox for an estimated \$80,000. Williams expects to be ready after a week.





ROLLING SLIDE by Jim Finigan of the Kansas City Athletics is blocked by Hal Smith of the Baltimore Orioles, who puts the ball on Finigan. The Athletics' third baseman tried to score on foul flyout.



STAND-UP CHARGE by Dodger Pee Wee Reese fails to jar ball loose from Cub Catcher Harry Chiti. Reese was doubled on a throw by Outfielder Jim King.

... BASEBALL'S MOMENT OF TRUTH FOR



DESPERATION SLIDE by Bill Virdon, St. Louis Cardinal outfielder, fails to evade tag by Ray Katz, New York Giant catcher. Virdon attempted to score from first on Munsal's double, but Alvin Dark relayed Willie Mays's throw in time.



FORCEOUT on Phillie Second Baseman Bobby Morgan is made by Catcher Bill Sarni of Cardinals. With the bases loaded, Phillie Outfielder Del Ennis grounded



HEAD-FIRST SLIDE by Andy Palko of the Milwaukee Braves is frustrated by young Catcher Jack Shepard of the Pittsburgh Pirates.

CATCHERS



to Shortstop Alex Grammas, who made back-hand stop and threw to Sarni. Catcher quickly yanked his foot away to avoid being spiked.



INEXPERIENCED ROOKIE First Baseman J. W. Porter of the Detroit Tigers interferes with Catcher Bob Wilson. Both players went after pop-up hit by Hank Bauer of the New York Yankees, and Porter, normally an outfielder, actually made the catch.

A CHAMPION IN TROUBLE

By the end of the week the World's Champion New York Giants had won only 15 games, had lost 13. Newspaper stories said Manager Leo Durocher was feuding with Club Owner Horace Stoneham. Perhaps the stories were true; perhaps they were not (Durocher denied them). But one thing was obvious: the most controversial figure in baseball

was back in his accustomed position, squarely on the spot. As these pictures indicate, Leo Durocher's course—like that of true love—has never been a smooth one. But there was more to the small-town Durocher boy than the "20s 'snot suit' he wore to Atlanta, just as there is more to the "dandy little manager" than his won-and-lost record.



BATTING STANCE fooled nobody when Durocher came up to Yankees from Hartford in 1925. A good glove man, Leo's lifetime batting average is a puny .247.



AS NAPPY DRESSER, Durocher looked "sharp" even when taking train for the minors at Atlanta.



A PRO AT POOL, Leo wangled invitation to play in World Pocket Billiard Championships in 1929.



FOND OF CARDS. Leo played with Dizzy Dean (left) and Lon Warneke (center) of Cardinal Gashouse Gang.



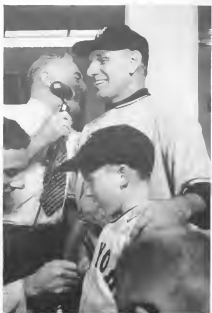
PUGNACIOUS. Leo has never lost umpire-baiting ability.



ANTI-JIM CROW. Durocher supported Jackie Robinson in try for big-league job.



HIS THIRD WIFE. Laraine Day, brought polish to her rascous husband and made Durocher a member of respectable Hollywood society.



SERIES TRIUMPH in 1954 brought congratulations from old teammate Frank Frisch to Leo and his adopted son Chris.

FOR THE REAL STORY OF LEO DUROCHER

... Turn the page to the first part of Robert Shaplen's three-part study of the Massachusetts French Canadian who was good field, no hit, all gall. Leo Durocher, to paraphrase Churchill, is

a myth wrapped in a legend. For the first time the facts and fancies are separated and put in historical context. The personality which alternately charms and antagonizes, the skills which bring

victory one season and the emotions which produce disaster the next are trenchantly described. Leo Durocher is many things to many men—and women. All his nine lives begin on page 32.

The Nine Lives of Leo Durocher

by ROBERT SHAPLEN

PART I: BRIDGE TO YESTERDAY

He came up fighting, scrapping, spending, living it up; more than any other modern hallplayer, Durocher upholds the flying-spike tradition of Ty Cobb

EVER SINCE he popped up and off as one of the freshest bushers on record, with the World's Champion New York Yankees in the spring of 1928, Leo Ernest Durocher, manager of the World's Champion New York Giants in the spring of 1955, has been baseball's most persistent and perplexing problem child. From the Yankee Stadium to the Polo Grounds is hardly more than a stone's throw across the Harlem River—Durocher's famous gravel voice almost carries across on a clear and sunny day—but in the 26-odd years since he has moved from one park to the other the man who many think has become the best field manager in the game has traveled a long and perilous path of alternate failure and success.

Durocher has been his own worst enemy—except for the players involved in the dismal Black Sox scandal of 1919, no one has come so close to having his career permanently and dishonorably ended. Yet some of his best friends have been baseball's biggest men, such as Branch Rickey, who have fathered and protected him through constant crises. A gambler all his life, cleaning up or going to the cleaners, Durocher, as one Giant official recently put it, "was born with a pair of dice in his hands, and every roll has always had to be seven." Winning at whatever he does has been his only true religion. Alternately jeered and cheered, he has won three pennants, had three wives, hates umpires, loves children and, in his 51st year, having reached his supreme professional goal, is still as unpredictable as he is full of almost agonizing enthusiasm and energy.

In some respects Durocher has become the incarnation of baseball itself. No man better bridges the gap between the era of flashing spikes, personified by the great Ty Cobb, who once threatened to tear the young Durocher limb from limb, and the far more genteel mood of today, when rookies are lured with bonuses and treated with kid gloves and fond persuasion. The progression of nicknames and descriptions of Durocher over a quarter of a century—from Lippy, Sharpie and the Gassiest of the Gashousers, to the Dandy Little Manager, Lovable Leo and the Little Shepherd of Coogan's Bluff—is a significant catalogue that reveals as

much, if not more, about the change in the game as it does about the change in the man. While the latter may still be more apparent than real, and while Durocher, in moments of eruption, will chameleonicallly assume his earlier harsh colors, he has learned how to count 10 (or at least five) before blowing up. Nowadays, although he can still deal fulsomely in four-letter expletives, he has been heard to exclaim, in a fit of tempered pique, "Goodness gracious. . . .!"

Simply because Durocher has been so many things to so many men (and women), and so many different things to himself as well, there have been more arguments about him than about any other player or manager in modern baseball, and they will undoubtedly continue until he hangs up his spikes. In his many manifestations Durocher has been a pool player, card shark, fashion plate, Lothario, Hollywood celebrity, TV star, topflight golfer, doting father and above all, of course, shortstop and manager. In spite of his current success and new aspect of maturity, he has been in trouble so often that even his best friends will agree with Branch Rickey that "Leo will never be out of the woods." Rickey, who retains the greatest respect and admiration for Durocher although his faith in him at times has been oddly demonstrated, recently remarked, not without a note of paternal sadness, "Leo has the most fertile talent in the world for making a bad situation infinitely worse." Contrariwise, both in baseball and, it would now seem, in his private life as well, Durocher can also improve on a bad situation with a marvelous combination of zeal and wit and charm. "Leo is the kind of manager who can take a fifth-place team and finish last with it," one of his admiring competitors says. "But, more importantly, he can take a team that ought to finish third and bring it in first."

Since this sort of pattern has marked his whole career, 1955 promises to be no exception for Durocher. Last year he could do nothing wrong: all the dice he threw were lucky. This year he already has his hands full with the Dodgers off to their incredible start, and the rest of the league, notably the Milwaukee Braves, strengthened. I

continued on page 62





HUNTING THE GREAT BEARS

Alaska's brown bears are America's biggest game. Here is how a party of businessmen stalked their trophies

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HY PESKIN

ASK A MAN who has just come back from a spring bear hunt in Alaska how he lived, and you could scarcely expect to hear that he slept and ate on a yacht most of the time, spotting his quarry from the deck as the ship cruised leisurely along. The impression of spring bear hunting in Alaska thus created would be essentially a false one, even if the statement were true. Yet this is just how Leo Pavelle and the Jim Nashes of New York, and Walter Stocklin of Philadelphia, did go bear hunting last May. Only what they remember is not the luxury of the yacht *Kodiak Bear*, chartered from their guide, the late Charlie Madsen; but mostly days of unbelievable climbing, dashed hopes, the tension that built up unbearably as days went by without a shot fired at game.

Much of this was old stuff to the two most experienced hunters, Leo Pavelle, who is president of Pavelle Color, Inc., a film-processing establishment in New York, and to Walter Stocklin, a vice president of the Huthins Agency (advertising) in Philadelphia. But to Jim Nash, president of an industrial design studio in New York, and his wife it was not. Stocklin and Pavelle had got the Nashes interested in

hunting to the extent of their making a Wyoming big-game trip and an African safari. But Alaska—and its exertions—was new to them. So were its frustrations. Mrs. Nash clawed her way up mountains four times without getting a shot.

On the other hand, at twilight on the eighth day, as she sat watching a beach with her husband, hoping a bear would come down to feed while there was still shooting light, she saw a great form appear. She signaled to her husband; it was his turn to shoot. Jim Nash killed the bear with two shots—the largest brownie taken in 1954, according to skull measurements, which is the way to assess a bear for trophy purposes.

That same day Walter Stocklin shot his bear, no record breaker but a very worthwhile trophy nevertheless. Thanks to the vagaries of this difficult hunting—perhaps a twig snapping loudly at the wrong moment or a whimsical breeze that shifted at the end of a climb, warning the game—it was five more days before Leo Pavelle at last got his trophy. For details of that triumph, and other experiences of the hunters in their search, see the following pages.



THE "KODIAK BEAR" WAS FLOATING HOME OF THE HUNTERS



ARRIVING at Kodiak after flight from the East, hunters find usual Alaskan rain.



ROUGH PASSAGE rocks Mrs. Jim Nash as yacht heads for Uyak Bay to begin hunt.



PLANNING HUNT, Guide Madsen (of wheel) describes area to Pavelle, Mrs. Nash.

← MAGNIFICENT PRIZE SHOT BY JIM NASH IS REGISTERED AWARD BY HIS GUIDE



THIRD DAY begins with Walter Stocklin loading movie camera as the Nashes watch.



FINAL CHECK of the sighted-in rifles is made on a beach. Jim Nash is shooting.



LOOKING for game as yacht *Kedak Bay* parallels shore line, all hands search heights.



FOURTH DAY finds a party traveling by outboard to the head of Uyak Bay, "glassing" the slopes as they go. Occasionally an overnight stop was made on the shore in tents.



STILL SEARCHING ashore, two guides and their hunters (Stocklin and Pavelle) find a bear.



SEVENTH DAY ended with Stocklin (above) excitedly spotting a very big bear.



EIGHTH DAY and the hunters are out early. Said Stocklin: "He's still up there!"



ASHORE AND EAGER, hunters and guides prepare for a fast ascent of the mountain in



WATCHING a bear on snow, party now on cannery dock decide it is too late to hunt.



WANDERING BEAR revealed by powerful telephoto lens is actually about 4,000 feet from the watchers. Stalks are planned in the hope a bear will remain in same area.



COFFEE BREAK reveals Guide Grisha ever watchful. The bear was too distant to stalk.



WET AND TIRED, the party troops back in the rain to their little boat at twilight. What little game they did see was either too far away or it was too late for hunting.



the hope of finding the big brown bear while it is still on the fairly open snowy benches.



WATCHING AGAIN from the snow line, Stocklin, guide glimpse undisturbed game.



DOWNED BEAR, shot at about 100 yards as it ran, is approached, found to be dead.

continued on next page

BEAR HUNT

continued from page 37

THE 13th day was lucky for Leo Pavelle. Since the eighth day, when Jim Nash and Walter Stocklin shot their bears, there had been only keen frustration and unfortunate breaks for him and Mrs. Nash. Now, the day before the hunt was scheduled to end, Pavelle set out once more to search for the bear Madeleine Nash had failed to find the day before.

BEAR NECESSITIES

The usual fall big-game hunting clothes will do, but the following are musts: hip boots, poncho or rain jacket, waterproof hat. Arrangements with an outfitter should be made a year in advance. As for expenses, these were Leo Pavelle's personal costs:

Custom-made rifle with scope	\$ 915
Hunting license	50
Round-trip air fare, N.Y. to Kodiak	546
Food, drink, yacht charter	1,500
Rug from the skin of his trophy	150
Total	\$3,161

It was a beautiful day. The climb went well and in something less than three hours the trio reached a position which they estimated would put Pavelle above the quarry. A shot bear nearly always runs downhill; it is better to be above it.

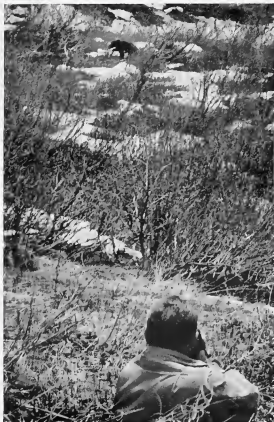
Now came the bad part. If the animal had decided to leave the country while they climbed, they were done. For all its size a brown bear, or a Kodiak as it is also called, can traverse the most difficult ground with ease.

The men sat down to wait and watch. Finally one of the guides said, "I think he is still here." Pavelle said nothing. Nick and Grisha had hunted bears for 30 years; they could practically smell their presence. One of them slipped away downhill. "I am going to snap some branches," he said. "Wait."

An instant later the bear appeared below Pavelle, running hard through the brush. Up came the .416 rifle, custom made for just such a moment. With an experienced hunter's precise movements, quick but unhurried, Leo Pavelle got off four shots. Three of them struck the bear with devastating effect and it fell in the snow.

MOMENT OF KILL comes at last for Pavelle as he gets off shot at his bear. Below, he signals his victory to friends aboard the yacht after 13 days of uncertainty.

MOMENT OF TRIUMPH is relished by Stocklin as he poses with his huge trophy. Both he and Nash made their kills with .375 Magnum rifles using scope sights.







HUNT'S END comes for Leo Pavelle as he descends to the distant bay flanked by his guides, one of whom carries the skin of a bear he has just shot. The day before, Mrs. Nash made the arduous climb to these heights for the same animal but had to return without getting a chance for a shot. Still exhausted the next day, she suggested Pavelle try for it and directed him to it.

HAPPY HUNTERS Walter Stocklin and Madeleine Nash embrace before the drying skin of the huge brown bear killed by her husband. This near-record animal's pelt was later made into a magnificent rug which is approximately 10 feet 4 inches square.



Wonderful what a figure can do for a dress

THOSE are handsome creations they're showing in today's shop windows and fashion magazines.

But what editor or window trimmer would dream of showing them on anything but a slender figure?

Wonderful what a figure can do for a dress! But just as wonderful what the modern trend to lighter food and drink is doing for the modern figure.

That is the trend with which Pepsi-Cola has kept pace. Today's Pepsi is never heavy, never too sweet.

It is the modern, the light refreshment. Refresh without filling. Have a Pepsi.



Pepsi-Cola
refreshes without
filling





THE DRY-FLY TEMPLE ON THE BEAVERKILL

by SPARSE GREY HACKLE

The Brooklyn Fly Fishers Club on the East's most celebrated trout stream clings fast to the old order, disdaining creature comforts

MAY IS a time of sudden torment for city-trapped trout fishermen. Spring's first hot sun warms their backs and then insidiously conjures up visions of some favorite trout stream. The fish will be rising, and they will be big fish, feeding methodically in easy position for a dry fly. One sees these bemused and transplanted souls standing vacantly by bus stop and traffic light, and I dare say people have been looking hard at me lately, for I have been troubled by an odd but delightful reverie about the Fly Fishers Club of Brooklyn, which is situated on a lovely stretch of the Beaverkill in the Catskill Mountains of New York.

It is the oldest club on the river and, in fact, one of the oldest in the country, its origin being lost somewhere in the 1870s. Founded by a group of wealthy Brooklyn brewers, the members (limited to 20) have always been such woeishippers of "things as they are" that the club has remained almost completely unchanged, physically or spiritually, since its incorporation in 1895. They are the same now, a little group of lotus eaters who dwell in a world apart.

Only reluctantly do the members acknowledge the obvious necessity of replacing departed fellows, imposing such almost-impossible standards of like-mindedness and conformity for admission that this is one organization from which it is no reproach to be

blackballed. In fact, the present members are agreed that if they themselves were now being proposed as candidates they would be turned down without exception. This is the spirit of the club: that everything is perfect the way it is—let us keep it that way.

This passion for the past carries them to inordinate lengths. Take, for instance, the big two-story log cabin which has always been the clubhouse. On the wall of the one-room lower floor hangs a grocery-store calendar for the year 1910. Even to stretch a hand toward this ancient, fly-specked relic elicits outraged cries and warnings.



The rough board floor is covered with a mud-caked rug of unknown color. When two of us new members essayed to remove and beat this tattered relic Scotty Conover, doyen of the club, leaped onto it in a heroic attitude and exclaimed, "That rug was put down in 1912, the year I joined. It has never been off the floor since and it is not going to be taken up now!"

The great fireplace below the foot-thick flagstone mantelpiece contains a deposit of ashes two feet deep. We removed about a foot of it before we were discovered, and we never wholly lived down the opprobrium which descended on us for our sacrilege. A new member, who naively offered to have the cabin wired for electricity at his own expense, shocked the members into speechlessness, and this sacrilege was blamed for a crack that appeared in the fireplace.

AN ANCIENT LAMP

The sole illumination in the cabin is an old-fashioned hanging lamp that was stolen long ago from a country church. Directly under it is a small table on which each member, as he enters, deposits his bottle; additionally there is a pitcher of the icy spring water that flows perpetually from a pipe in the front yard—water which is agony to the teeth and a frigid benediction to the palate.

No one can recall clearly how long the lamp and the table have been there, but all agree that the lamp has leaked kerosene onto the table—and into the pitcher—ever since it was hung up. You may think that the leak might be repaired, or the table moved, or that at least the pitcher might be shifted, but that would be only because you do now know the Brooklyn

continued on next page

DRY-FLY TEMPLE

continued from page 42

Fly Fishers. Every highball that has been consumed in the club during all those years has featured a slight but terribly definite flavor of kerosene.

The same willingness to sanctify a traditional disability prevails in the dormitory, the single room constituting the upper floor of the cabin. Here unyielding cots bear mattresses of geologic age, each with its hills and valleys disposed in an individual terrain. Each member has learned how to wind himself between the lamps in his own bed, and if a newcomer takes another member's bed he will hear bitter protestation.

DEVOTION TO THE PAST

To be at the club for opening day is to realize how the devotion of the members to the past inures them to present privation. The hardy anglers spend the evening in front of the blast-furnace fireplace fortifying themselves internally to prevent their entire rear aspects from freezing solid. When the inner stiffness approximates the outer, each picks up a huge load of gray camp blankets and a kerosene lamp and climbs to the loft. How they have avoided burning down the cabin long ago by this procedure is a mystery.

Some take off a few clothes, and there was once an exhibitionist who got into pajamas, but standard practice is to take off only the hat and shoes. Daybreak finds not even an ear or a nose visible, but one cowering figure, more valiant or less enduring than the rest, will finally force himself out of bed to dash downstairs, chunk up the fire and clench his chattering teeth on the neck of a bottle. As the room warms—a little—the other sleepers come scurrying down to seize their bottles and back up to the blaze too. The lavatory is the spring-water pipe out in the yard. In warm weather they strip down and wash there, shaving with mirrors propped against the porch railing, but on opening day they just rinse their hands.

The club's shame is the handsome new (20-year-old) mess hall standing behind the cabin, which had to be built simply because the old one burned down. But correspondingly its pride is the backhouse, which was torn from its mooring and knocked askew years ago when the pilot of the county snowplow was induced with a bottle of gin to clear the lane on opening day. Becoming a bit overinduced, he turned too short and the

plow engaged the corner of the backhouse. It has been allowed to remain just as it dropped, and the members boast of its generous ventilation and erratic geometry.

THE 18 MEMBERS

Harold H. Boswell,	Greenswich, Conn.
Wendell L. Collins,	Woodmere, N.Y.
E. Conover (honorary),	Malden, Conn.
Woolsey S. Conover,	Gulford, Conn.
C. H. Dayton (honorary),	Resbury, Conn.
Clarence S. Decker,	Stony Point, N.Y.
Victor B. Geibel,	New York, N.Y.
Edward A. Meyer,	New York, N.Y.
Dr. John S. Murphy,	New York, N.Y.
Wilhelm Naden,	New York, N.Y.
Aubrey Pershonne,	Englewood, N.J.
C. Leslie Rice,	Red Bank, N.J.
William H. Richardson,	Carmel, Conn.
Valney F. Righier,	New York, N.Y.
Wilbur E. Smith,	New York, N.Y.
Homer R. Staughton,	Tappan, N.Y.
Oakleigh L. Thorne,	New York, N.Y.
John E. Woodruff,	Vero Beach, Fla.

Nowadays two henchmen occupy the club's little world along with the members. One is Joe Hardenburgh, whose farm lies hidden beyond the apple trees; he keeps an eye on things in addition to working a hardscrabble farm on which crops are dragged up rather than raised. This laconic descendant of the patroon who held the far-flung Hardenburgh Patent is best depicted by his reply to a suggestion that he might find at a country auction something that he would want. "I got everything I want now," said Joe.

The other retainer is Bert Cooke, the best short-order cook in the world, who runs the mess hall and looks after the clubhouse during the season. Like Joe, Bert doesn't really work for the club; he just comes up to help out his friends. The two are a true part of the atmosphere of this ethereal cosmos.

For so it is. This is the land of the lotus, to enter which is to come under the spell of a dreaming languor, an enchantment of restfulness that makes the world outside hazy and unreal. The energetic visitor drives up the lane in a shower of gravel, bustles in with his equipment, sits down to catch his breath, and is lost. In this natural bower, where nothing can be seen but the trees and the sky, he idles to watch the line to the hills, to hear the birds at their housekeeping and the river whispering on its stones.

The river itself fits into the spell, for this is the Little River, the Beaverkill above its junction with the Willowemoc, the stream to which its



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It's no longer necessary to cut down clubs for the younger set. Leading manufacturers are now making a line of clubs for youngsters, featuring STARMARKER Shafts, especially developed by True Temper to fit the exact needs of teen-age boys and girls.

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True Temper, famous for finest quality, in fishing tackle, furs, garden, home and industrial tools.

disciples return again and again, forsaking the certainties of lordly preserves. The Big River from Roscoe to the town of East Branch—from The Junction to The Jaws—is a challenge, but the Little River is an invitation. This dozen miles of the loveliest dry-fly water in America, from The Junction to the source, is what the old-timers referred to when they wrote of the Beaverkill. Except for a short length of state-owned water some miles up, it is still just as it was then. A road follows the stream up from Roscoe, but it soon becomes a washboarded red-dirt track with an ugly habit of tipping cars into the river, so that visitors to the state water prefer to go in another way. All that disturbs the melody of the living countryside along the Little River is the bouncing of an occasional farm truck.

And, as the river has not changed, so have not the Brooklyn Fly Fishers, for whom the good old days still survive. There is the last stand, the loyal Old Guard, the final vanishing remnant of the old-fashioned American dry-fly purists. At first glance it seems strange that this group, more than any other, should exemplify the classic tradition of the dry fly. But these are the American purists. Here as nowhere else there is exemplified the pure gospel of American dry-fly fishing exactly as its prophet, George M. L. La-Branche, engraved it on the stone tablets of *The Dry Fly and Fast Water*—the gospel that it doesn't matter what fly you use but only how you present



it ("the position of the fly on the water and its action"); the gospel of fishing the water rather than the rise and the broken water rather than the smooth. All the Brooklyn water is broken or at least ruffled at normal times; all of it is fished with the dry fly, and with the dry fly only. And though the kerosene lamp has finally been repaired so it no longer leaks, it still stands above the water pitcher, a constant reminder of the glorious past.

(END)



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BASEBALL

by ROBERT CREAMER

ONE WELL-PLACED BUNT SERVED TO
POINT UP A SOMEWHAT HISTORICAL
FACT: THE NEW YORK YANKEES ARE
NO LONGER BASEBALL'S BIG TEAM

IN YANKEE STADIUM where the New York Yankees were about to play the second and final game of a brief but possibly significant early season series with the Cleveland Indians, a well-dressed man in a charcoal-gray suit was giving illuminating bits of information to a less well-informed companion, who nodded amiably from time to time without appearing too profoundly impressed by anything that was said.

When the game started and Bobby Avila of the Indians came to bat in the first inning, the man in the charcoal-gray suit poked his friend in the arm.

"This is the guy," he said, "who made that bunt last night that started everything."

At this, the man who had previously been unimpressed sat up, leaned forward and watched Avila intently.

"Is that right?" he said. "This is the fellow, huh?"

Obviously, he had been hearing about "the bunt that started everything." And obviously he was impressed. This showed good sense. It was a bunt (see drawing below) well worth remembering, and it pointed up a situation that even Casey Stengel can't gloss over.

The bunt came in the third inning of the game played between the Indians and the Yankees the night before and

was a masterpiece of conception and execution. It tipped the game in the Indians' favor (they won 9-6), probably the series as well (the unworried Indians won again the next day against the previously undefeated Bob Turley) and possibly the season.

This last may sound a little far-fetched, the season being less than 25 games old at the time, but it seems less so when Avila's bunt is viewed as another impressive contribution to the ever-growing pile of testimony that the Indians are now the Big Team in the American League. There is no doubt that they have the big pitchers and the big hitters and the alert get-the-break get-the-jump players who win ball games and pennants.

Consider the setting. The Indians had come into New York on a four-game winning streak. They were in first place (two games ahead of the Yankees, who were tied for second with the White Sox), mostly by reason of 11 victories in 13 games against the four second-division clubs, an old Indian habit.

If the Yankees could beat the Indians both games they could squeeze past Cleveland in the league standings. More than that, they would put the Indians in their proper place by making it plain that, while the Indians might steal pennants by beating the

blood and bone out of the second division, they still could not beat New York. The Indians haven't won a season's series from the Yankees in 10 years.

It was just the kind of challenge the Yankees used to rise to, the kind of series they used to win. This time they lost. They lost because the Indians outlit them, outpitched them, forced the fight to them, put pressure on them, made the breaks and took advantage of the breaks.

They lost because of things like Bobby Avila's bunt. This is how that play came about.

In the Tuesday night game the Yankees had a 1-0 lead going into the top of the third inning. With one out Don Larsen—who was on trial for his major league existence—walked his opposing pitcher, Bob Lemon.

Al Smith worked a walk too and suddenly Larsen was in trouble. Two men were on base with only one out, and Avila, Al Rosen, Ralph Kiner and the rest of the meat-and-muscle part of the Indians' batting order coming up. The potential tying run was on second, wanting only a base hit to be realized.

The Yankees arranged their infield defense for a double play. Al Smith, leading off first base, looked toward Avila and raised his eyebrows.

"I knew he was going to bunt," Smith said. "There wasn't any sign on, but when you play with a guy you get to know what he's going to do."

"I was bunting for a hit," Avila said. A sacrifice bunt would have been pointless. With two out the potential tying run, now on third base, would still require a base hit to be realized. And

continued on next page



THE PERFECT BUNT laid down by Cleveland's Bobby Avila caught the Yankees flat-footed. Catcher Yogi Berra dashed after it, but the ball rolled too far toward third for him to reach it. Pitcher Don Larsen swung off the mound, but the ball was

past him. Third Baseman Andy Carey charged in and got to it, but too late to catch the fleet Avila. Bob Lemon (in jacket) reached third, Al Smith second and Avila first to load the bases. All three promptly scored on Rosen's subsequent hit.

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BASEBALL

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with first base open after the sacrifice Rosen, the next batter, would be walked intentionally to let the Yankees pitch to Kiner, a dangerous hitter but not so dangerous in Casey Stengel's mind as Rosen.

But a bunt hit, on the other hand, would move the lead runner to third base without sacrificing an out, and he would then be able to score on an outfield fly. The bases would be loaded and the Yanks would have to pitch to the clutch hitter, Rosen, who was a good bet to hit that outfield fly.

So Avila promptly bunted for a hit. "I do this, oh, several times a year," he said. "I don't push bunts very often, you know, toward first, unless it is a sacrifice. I hit them toward third. If I do it right, the ball angles toward the foul line so that it is a hard chance for the third baseman. It's either a base hit or a foul ball, and either way I don't make out."

On the second pitch, a fast ball, Avila slid his right hand up the barrel of the bat, met the ball perfectly and sent it rolling down the third-base line. Third Baseman Andy Carey, a superb fielder, charged in and over toward it, made a beautiful try, but was simply too late to catch the flying Avila. The bases were loaded and Rosen was up. The bunt hit had worked perfectly.

Larsen took a deep, sad breath and pitched to Rosen, who punched the ball hard and flat into right center for a base hit. The Yanks kicked the ball around, all three runners scored and the Indians took a lead they never lost.

Other things happened to support the feeling that the Yankees are in a decline and the Indians in ascendance. In the fourth inning of the night game Dave Pope hit a long home run off Larsen, and Stengel came out of the dug-out. He walked to the mound flapping his arms together, looking as if he might have been whistling tunelessly, lost in bemused thought. Out went Larsen, all the way to Denver, another pitcher that Casey doesn't have. In came Whitney Ford, who pitched poorly, though the Indians did not score again that inning. When the Yankees came up they rallied, scored a run and had men on first and third with two out and the eighth and ninth men of the batting order coming up.

Rallies die on the weak bats of the tail end of batting orders. But this was where Stengel's strength had lain for six seasons. He'd thrown in pinch-hitter after pinch-hitter, each of such ability

that they made the tail end of the Yankee batting order ring with authority. Then he'd sent in replacement fielders of equal skill and one fine relief pitcher after the other. Here, against the Indians, he sent up Eddie Robinson to bat for Billy Hunter. Robinson got a hit, the third in a row and the fourth of the inning off Lemon.

"Four it on, Case!" a man yelled, looking toward the Yankee dugout for the next pinch-hitter. Instead, Ford came out to bat for himself.

"What the hell?" the man said, sitting back. "No pinch-hitter?"

Ford walked but the fact remained: Stengel could not pinch-hit for him. With Bill Skowron and Gerry Coleman hurt, he did not have the pinch-hitting depth, and he did not have the necessary faith that his relief pitchers in the bull pen could do any better than the wavering Ford. And after Ford walked to load the bases, Casey could not put pressure on the right-handed Lemon, who was obviously laboring, by sending up a left-handed batter to hit for the right-handed Hank Bauer, a device he used regularly despite injuries with strikingly successful results when the Yankees were winning five consecutive pennants and World Series.

That's not the way it used to be. Casey Stengel talks about his bench, but he has no bench; not the way he used to have one. (END)

ANNIVERSARY



SEVEN years ago this week Mel Patton became the undisputed World's Fastest Human when he won a special 100-yard race in the West Coast Relays at Fresno, Calif. in 9.3 seconds, one tenth of a second under the previous world record which Mel had shared with Frank Aykoff, D. J. Foubert, Jesse Owens and Clyde Jeffrey. Patton's record stood by itself until it was tied by Heeler Hogan of Australia in 1954, and by North-western's Jim Gelfing last week.

INSIDE BASEBALL

by PAUL RICHARDS

IN ANOTHER CHAPTER FROM HIS
'MODERN BASEBALL STRATEGY'
(PRENTICE-HALL, JUNE 1) THE AU-
THOR EXPLORES CLOSE-IN PLAY

PART II: THE BUNT AND SQUEEZE

EACH TIME a player fails to lay down a successful bunt, sportswriters and fans complain, "Batters just can't bunt any more. They just don't practice. I believe I could walk right out on the field and do better right now."

I heard all of these comments 30 years ago. They will still be popular 30 years from now. The truth of the matter is modern baseball presents a much more difficult set of circumstances for bunters, for the simple reason tremendous advances have been made in defense against the play. Then, too, the lively ball and improved bats increase the difficulty of hitting a dead ball in a well-executed bunt.

Furthermore, in recent years we have seen the birth of the crushing defense alignment, first suggested by Branch Rickey. This defense system pulls in one of the outfielders to provide seven men (including the pitcher and catcher) to defend against a successful bunt.

Most criticism of all players for failure to bunt are the pitchers. In a close game with a bunt in order, the defending team knows the pitcher is almost certain to bunt. The opposing pitcher usually throws high and fast, the most difficult ball to bunt. Or he may throw an occasional curve, with the first and third basemen charging head-on with the pitch. Obviously, the pitcher must lay down an almost perfect bunt to advance the runner.

A WIDE DIFFERENCE

Compare that same situation with a .300 hitter at the plate and a speedy runner like Mickey Mantle on first. One can easily see a wide difference in the type of bunt necessary to advance the runner.

Take another bunt situation: runners on first and second and the lead man happens to be slow. The ordinary strategy demands the bunt be hard enough to make the third baseman field it, so that he doesn't have a chance to retreat and cover the base for a forecourt throw from the pitcher. You'll find it almost physically impossible, however, to bunt that runner to third against fielders of the caliber of Ruben

Gomez of the New York Giants and Bobby Shantz of the Kansas City Athletics.

Naturally, a bunt has more chance to work when you make the play unexpected. With a fast runner on first and a man on third and one out, most any kind of a bunt can be successful in scoring the run, if not going for a base hit. The runner on third might be said to have an option whether or not to come in. If he feels he can beat the throw, he tries to score, but he may elect to remain on third. Never overwork this play for fear of alerting the defensive team.

PSYCHOLOGICAL BLOW

Another such bunt play finds the runner on third with two out, and the batter dropping a bunt down the third-base line. The runner must rely entirely on his own instinct and ability rather than advice from the coach.

The bunt to heat it out can be a terrific offensive weapon, plus a damaging psychological blow to the defensive team. With a runner on first and one out, a well-placed bunt many times can catch the defensive team unaware. The gamble pays off heavily when the hitter reaches first safely. Especially is this true with a strong hitter coming up next.

Probably the two most skillful bunters are right-handed hitter Phil Rizzuto of the New York Yankees and left-handed swinger Nelson Fox of the Chicago White Sox. Fox beat out a total of 28 of 34 attempted bunts in 1954.

An occasional bit of bunting strategy that can be effective is the bunt-and-run play. This calls for the runner on first to take off with the pitch, the batter to bunt the ball, and the runner to continue on to third as the throw is made to first. This play requires a fast runner on first, a first baseman not noted for keeping alert and a catcher who regularly fails to cover third.

In the squeeze play we have another of those beauties that constitutes a sure invitation to nightmares for most managers. The "suicide squeeze," which has the runner going home on

continued on next page

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INSIDE BASEBALL

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the pitch, is absolutely certain to work—if the batter bunts the ball on the ground. That last little "if" is the traditional fly in the ointment. Any pitch wide of the plate, over the batter's head or in the dirt makes it a little more difficult for the batter to bunt the ball.

With the opposing third baseman, pitcher and catcher—not to mention the entire enemy bench—hawk-eyed for a false move that might indicate a squeeze play, the successful relaying of vital signs can at times be very difficult. The chief burden is on the batter, who must take complete command of the area around home plate, ready to lay any pitch down.

A 50-50 CHANCE

When considering the squeeze play, the manager must weigh its chances most carefully. For example, with a runner on third and one out, let's say the pitcher who is a bunter of average ability comes to the plate. He has no better than about a 50-50 chance of executing the play successfully. And even though the pitcher swings away and fails to score the run, the lead-off man will be hitting with two out and a runner on third.

Another type of squeeze play rarely used, but nonetheless spectacular, comes with runners on third and second. Both runners jump off when the pitcher starts his delivery, and a good bunt will sometimes score the runner from second as well as third. But you must remember that first base remains open in using the double-squeeze play against a smart team. The pitcher may be trying to be extra careful in pitching to the batter, not caring too much if he does walk him.

As compared to the suicide version, the so-called "safe squeeze" is less likely to score the runner from third. The advantage of the safe squeeze lies in the fact you may reasonably expect the runner on third, using his own judgment, to score or remain on base while the batter is being thrown out on a poor bunt. A lot depends on how fast the runner is, but of course that's true in any hunt situation. **(K.M.D.)**

NEXT WEEK: THE HIT AND RUN

In next week's analysis of baseball strategy, Paul Richards discusses one of the game's most effective and controversial moves.

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MOTOR SPORTS

continued from page 53

wife of the race chairman, piloting her husband's C-type Jag. Suzan, driving the race of her life, ran away from the field to win by an easy eight seconds at 63.4 mph. Peggy spoiled her chances by spinning out twice but got past Evelyn Mull's gray Jaguar coupe to take second over all. So hot was the pace that the leaders soon lapped most of the field.

The 10th race was marred by what might have been a disaster when Don McKnight lost control of his Porsche and broadsided into the timing stand. Five people were injured. One of them was Peggy Wyllie.

The main event was a true battle of giants: Lloyd, Cunningham and Spear in those phenomenal new 3000S Maseratis (1,850 pounds, 270 hp, 160 mph); George Tilpa's enormously potent four-cylinder Monza Ferrari driven by Hansgen; Johnston's ex-Cunningham 4.5 Ferrari and the untractable 4.9 model of Kimberly.

A THRILLING DUEL

Bill Lloyd's red Maserati streaked into the lead at once from pole position, followed by Johnston, Hansgen, Spear and Kimberly. But the pace was too fierce for the leader. Johnston's superior speed took him past Lloyd on lap three, while Spear's Maserati squeezed by two laps later, having taken Hansgen's white Ferrari. From then to the checkered flag the order of the three front men—Johnston, Spear and Lloyd—never changed, although their relative distance certainly did. Spear, hounding Johnston every inch of the way, tried a thousand tricks to beat him but simply hadn't enough speed. Lap after lap this pair ran nose to tail in a thrilling duel, gradually pulling away from Lloyd until, on lap 32, about one minute eight seconds separated them from the rest of the field. Hansgen lost a connecting rod on lap seven, letting Kimberly into fourth place, but the latter seemed unhappy and never really going. Cunningham's Maserati bested him in a private duel and on the 20th time around both Cunningham and Kimberly were lapped by the two leaders. Kimberly finally quit on the 25th lap, apparently with plug trouble. Johnston's blue and white machine went on to snatch a narrow victory from Spear at 67.9 mph. The winner's style was impeccable; he never made the mistake Spear hoped for, and his hard-earned triumph was well deserved. (END)



ETIQUETTE OUTRAGED is symbolized by this drawing of a feast in which Lou Little, Steve Owen, Hickman, Eddie Arcaro and Toots Shor have all tucked in.

TRENCHERMAN, TUCK IN!

A great champion of a great sport—eating, that is—hurls defiance at Emily Post

by **HERMAN HICKMAN**

TO TUCK or not to tuck—that is the question. O comrades! Warriors! Thracians! (said Spartacus). And—Trenchermen! (says Hickman): I call upon you to assert your inalienable rights as free men. Proudly take your napkin in hand and tuck it in your collar—with utter disregard of the dictates of Emily Post, the etiquette pronouncer! A gastronome without napkin tucked under his chin is like a catcher without chest protector, a football player without shoulder pads, or a hunter, on a covey rise, with an unloaded gun.

Now, there are various and sundry types of tuckers. Take the military variety—between the second and third buttons of the shirt—who are only partially protected. Why be half safe? There is no strategic reason for leaving such wide areas open for infiltration. Once there flourished a proud breed known as vest tuckers. Men of ample

girth and great competitors at the festive board they were, such as Diamond Jim Brady and John L. Sullivan—names to conjure with. But time, tide and a vestless era have practically erased this vintage, except for Phi Beta Kappa men, who are not to be confused with these grents. At best they are low-button tuckers, because it is imperative that the keys be shown above the napkin line.

Much in this same category is the how-tie tribe. For the most part they are extremely dull and disinterested eaters. They don't tuck—at least no higher than the belt line—and yet are not sporting enough to let their cravats take the "calculated risk." They are neither fish nor fowl. I refer to them as "white shirt" eaters. Outstanding among this order are Coaches Frank Leahy and Earl Blaik—strange task fellows, to say the least. Actually, they aren't taking any chances at all,

because the beautiful brown hue of sauce diable Escoffier or sauce maison is as far removed from their repasts as a losing football season. They think only of tackles and touchdowns, and for the record it must be stated that this inattentiveness has, at times, brought on a rebellious attitude from their uninspired gastric juices and enzymes.

The direct antithesis of this school are the bib-wearing extroverts. No doubt this apparel offers perfect protection, but there is something repugnant in being laced in. The ritual of having it tied is overly ostentatious. After all, we under-the-chin tuckers do have pride in our technique and accomplishment. Then, too, few places outside of nurseries are equipped with bibs.

At times, through the force of circumstances, I have had to forego

continued on next page



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LEAHY AND BLAIR: NAPKINS IN THE LAP

TRENCHMAN

continued from page 55

tucking. I have spoken at innumerable athletic banquets—banquet is the most misleading word I know; smoker or get-together would be more apt—where there were only small paper napkins available. These, of course, are worse than useless. Ordinarily my procedure in a case like this is to eat previously and during the dinner dally with the cold fried chicken, construct miniature mountains of the cold mashed potatoes with my fork or count the canned peas on my plate. This little game I have found to be interesting and informative.

Yet at certain stops my alleged gustatory prowess has preceded me, and the powers that be will have the better part of a steer or a whole suckling pig delivered to my place on the dais with full pomp and ceremony. This is an embarrassing situation, but the cash customers have paid to see the show. I carry three handkerchiefs with me at all times just for this type of emergency. One to blow; one to show, and one extra-large size to tuck in.

But why take chances? Why not be at ease? A large linen napkin tucked under the chin will solve all your problems and, please, none of these dainty frayed-edge luncheon napkins. They just won't do the job.

I'm rather proud of my progress in this project. Toots Shor, proprietor of the Shor A.C., was a wary, half-worried tucker with an inferiority complex until I proved to him conclusively that steaks and silk ties don't blend well. I have converted another famous restaurateur, John Martin of Bear

Mountain Inn. He now tucks with the best of them. I can't rightfully claim Gene Leone of Leone's restaurant, because he comes from a long line of tuck-in men; the same goes for Don (Silk Stockings) Ameche and Eddie Arcaro, the latter pound for pound one of the greatest little gourmands in the world.

Yet it hasn't always been peaches and cream. Handwriters and captains in strange places have given me that *persona non grata* glance and even on my native heath I have been subjected to scrutiny. But when I sit down to a bountiful dinner with such stout tuckers as Willard Mullin, Lou Little, Steve Owen and Jack Lavelle, casually unfold my napkin, delicately place a corner between forefinger and thumb (don't be boorish; it is absolutely verboten to circle the neck, barber shop style—you are not getting a haircut), gently tuck it over the tie knot and inside the collar and, provided that too much starch has not been used, arrange a graceful drape to the lap—at such a moment I realize that all is right with the world and that my missionary work has not been in vain. Let's face it. I don't have enough lap on which to safely place a napkin, and even Emily Post says: "... It is impossible to imagine that etiquette should wish to conserve the picture of 'gentlemen on all fours' as a concluding ceremony at dinners." To which I say, Amen, and let's all tuck in. (END)

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SPORTING LOOK

GOLFERS IN THE PINK

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Pants, shirt and pleated over-skirt of pink pique-dot cotton-and-orlon blend. Tins Laver, \$25.

One-piece dress with short pleated skirt of pink cotton woaden. Bath Fair, \$15.

Pink plaid shirt and pink bare-lace calotte. Brigones of Sportswoker, \$15 each.

America's 1,250,000 women golfers are as much a part of the contest for sartorial honors on the fairways as the peacock-plumaged males who set the pace in tournament circles. In the past year the ladies have taken to Bermuda shorts in flocks,

and this year have inspired a bigger-than-ever crop of golf fashions. Action-tailored for complete freedom of motion, these new dresses and culottes come in ultra-feminine pink, are matched to a T with Sandler's pink shag golf shoes. (\$10.95.)



Poplin golfer with inset bias panel in back and roomy pockets. By Louise Suggs for Lynbrook. \$15.

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TIP FROM THE TOP



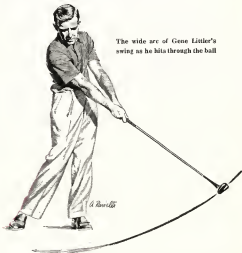
for golfers of all degrees of skill

from **GENE LITTLER**, Palm Springs, Calif. Touring professional

All golfers who want to improve their game are faced with a difficult problem: since it is impossible to work on all the phases of a swing, what are the key phases to concentrate on?

Speaking for myself, experience has taught me to remember (whatever else I may be thinking about in playing a shot) to be sure and hit through the ball—that is, to make sure that my club continues through the ball low along the ground on the line to the target. This is a very important part of the hitting action, this definite hit-through for two feet or so past the point where you make contact with the ball. You can take the club back wrong, or a little wrong, but if you hit through correctly on line, you will make out fairly well.

I stress this point because many average golfers of my acquaintance tend to think too much about parts of the golf swing that are much less essential. I believe that if they concentrated more on hitting through the ball, most average golfers would find themselves playing better golf shots consistently.



The wide arc of Gene Littler's swing as he hits through the ball

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Left-over of London

SPORT IN ART

EUROPEAN CLASSICS

Among the greatest of modern man's examples of the ancient and honorable sport of horse racing are three great turf classics of Europe—the Derby, St. Leger and Grand Prix. The tradition behind them is a rich and ancient one. When the Earl of Derby and his friends held a race on Epsom Downs one fine spring day in 1780 they established an event that still tingles the spine and ranks highest each year on the horse breeder's and sportsman's calendar. This year's 176th rerunning of the

Derby will be held next week. The painting (above) by England's great Sportsman-Artist Henry Alken shows the race of 1835, won by Mundig. Another of Europe's great trio is the venerable St. Leger, run in September on the moors at Doncaster where in Britain's earliest days Roman legions held their chariot races. Inaugurated in 1776 by Lieut. General Anthony St. Leger, it is a mile-and-three-quarter run on uneven turf and considered the most grueling test of a

3-year-old's stamina. At right is a painting by Thomson of the 1819 running of the St. Leger, won by Antonio. But the queen among races and climax of the great social season in Paris is the Grand Prix at Longchamp in June. Less a test of horseflesh than proving ground of social significance, it has been flourishing since 1834. The painting on the next page, by Raffaelli, shows the fabulous concourse at the turn of the century, when extravagant elegance often outshone a good horse.



The Derby, greatest of them all, is depicted in this sweeping race scene done by Henry Alken in 1835

The St. Leger, on the ancient field at Doncaster, was painted by Clifton Thomson in 1819





M. Knoedler Galleries

Longchamp's Grand Prix, run annually in June, is the brilliant social and racing climax to La Grande Semaine in Paris. A race of a mile and seven furlongs for 3-year-olds, it is shown here in a painting by French Artist J. R. Raffaelli in 1900

DUROCHER'S NINE LIVES

continued from page 52

the Dodgers are now favored for the pennant, however, that's just the kind of situation Durocher loves. His greatest thrill last year, he says, was watching the way New York slapped Brooklyn down every time the Dodgers threatened to take over the league lead. It seems doubtful, even if he loses, that Durocher will repent his miserable personal performance of 1953, when his snarling pouts over the Giants' collapse would have cost him his job had not spates of angry press criticism led Horace Stoneham, the New York owner, to give him a new two-year contract in a sudden gesture of defiance. But one can never tell in advance how Durocher will behave under pressure, and up for reappraisal this summer, in what will undoubtedly become a tense race, will be the perennial question—how much has he really changed? (One early-season flurry has already taken place. In Brooklyn, late in April, with the Giants off to a bad start, Durocher kept reporters out of the dressing room and the next day refused to announce his lineup until the game started.)

THE SMOLDERING PAST

Admittedly, though, he has melted as he has grown older. Above all, he is happy professionally and happy in his home life with Laraine Day, a girl who complements him in a remarkable way; as shy and introverted as he is bold and extroverted, she is equally ambitious and shrewder in many respects. Their two adopted children are, along with Willie Mays, the pride and joy of Leo's life. But Durocher would not be Durocher if all the old rough-and-tumble in him, and some deeply ingrained personal habits, had simply been washed away. The past smolders in him like a dormant volcano. It has shaped him violently, and if he has become something of a Horatio Alger character, on the crest of a rags-to-riches ride that has surely altered if it hasn't altogether reformed him, it's a little as if the script had been written by Mickey Spillane.

One thing is certain—Durocher, who has always striven desperately for them, now has both prestige and money. He has also learned, with his wife's help, to hang on to his cash instead of throwing it away as he once did, and he won't easily back down from his twin peaks of status and affluence. He has said that he wants to stay with the Giants as long as they

want him, maybe for the rest of his active life (he used to say the same thing about Brooklyn when he was manager over there), but if he does quit or comes another cropper he has made sure that continued glamour and wealth will be his. If there's one other place in which Durocher is at home outside a baseball park, it's in the bright sun and the purple neon glare of Hollywood, where he now lives and spends most of the off season. Graciously conducting the writer on a tour of his \$260,000 house in Beverly Hills not long ago—a 16-room modern, ranchlike structure stocked with 10 television sets—he spoke uninhibitedly of a likely future there as a businessman and/or TV entertainer, with plenty of time left over for golf, if and when he leaves baseball. Throwing on the lights across the driveway at dusk, he swept his hand proudly over his domain.

"It's a long way from West Springfield, isn't it, Leo?" I commented.

Durocher's piercing, pale-blue eyes twinkled, and he grinned. "You can say that again," he shouted. And then, more softly as we shook hands and he walked back in alone, I heard him mutter, "Buster, you can sure say that again..."

West Springfield was the beginning. Durocher was born in that Massachusetts town in July of either 1904 or

1905. No birth certificate is on file in Leo's name. A record of "Charles Joseph Durocher" having been born on July 28th, 1905, is in the town clerk's office. Durocher has three older brothers, Clarence, Armand and Raymond, but there is no Charles Joseph. Baseball players frequently pretend, in the record books, to be younger than they are, and while Leo's birth date is set down in diamond almanacs variously as 1905 or 1906, there is no explanation for the lack of correct information at the source. Certainly, despite his oversized hands at birth, there was no reason to suppose that he was predestined to be a ballplayer. The discrepancy over the date, at any rate, caused a considerable ruckus when Durocher's draft status came up for review during the last war (as it turned out he had a punctured eardrum and was put in 4F).

COURSE IN MARKSMANSHIP

Durocher's father, George, a French Canadian, worked in the yards of the Boston & Albany Railroad, and Leo's mother, Clara, did housework to help support the family. The neighborhood they lived in was a poor but decent workingmen's section near the Connecticut River, sort of "upper lower." Leo's talent as an athlete was soon discernible, but he was too small to join his older brothers and their companions in games. Brashly, he vented his youthful spleen by throwing rocks at the trucks that carried them off to nearby contests on Saturdays and Sundays.

continued on next page





A red-nosed Fokker slowly spun to earth

AT 4:35 P.M., on October 30, 1918, a lone Spad biplane, marked with the symbol of the "Hat-in-the-Ring" Squadron, hawked down through the quiet skies over Grande Pré. Seconds later, a burst of its guns smashed into a low-flying Fokker and sent the German plane swirling to earth like an autumn leaf.

Captain Eddie Rickenbacker had downed his last enemy plane of the war, setting a combat record never equalled: 26 victories in 7 months. It made him the American ace of aces.

Earlier, his mother had written, "Be slowly and close to the ground"; but it was advice that Eddie Rickenbacker has never been able to take. His courage, ingenuity and drive are typical of America's greatest asset.

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DUROCHER

continued from page 65

He improved his marksmanship by tossing stones at street lamps and beating all the target games at local amusement parks. Pool parlors were next, and when he could hardly see over the rails he was leveling an expert cue across the green-felt tables.

Durocher says he went through grammar school and then began at Springfield Technical High School, but he got into a fight with a male mathematics teacher in his second year, was suspended 30 days and never went back. He was in high school long enough, however, to play some football and basketball as well as baseball and to have two Catholic priests approach him with the lure of an athletic scholarship to Holy Cross. Instead, at the age of 16, Leo found himself working for a machinery firm and then for the Wico Electric Company, where he proved adept at handling machinery. He increased his income measurably by shooting dice along the banks of the Connecticut River and pool at Smith's billiard parlor, where friends would back him for \$50 or \$100 against visiting suckers and he would receive part of the bag. In his spare time, already showing an early taste for flashy

clothes, he went dancing at Springfield's Butterfly Ballroom. He had an easy attraction to women, which usually was reciprocated.

ANOTHER HARBITT

Not far from his home, on Old Bridge Street, a semipro ball team sponsored by the Merrick Athletic Association worked out on a crude field and played nearby mines for small sums per man. Durocher kept begging for a chance to prove he could play ball despite his weight and size—another little Springfield man, Rabbit Maranville, like himself a shortstop, had already proved his right to wear a big-time uniform and had become Durocher's hero and example. Finally, when the regular Merrick shortstop hurt a leg, Durocher was given a shot at the job. He was then 17. From the start he was sensational in the field, ranging far to both sides to spear ground balls that seemed impossible to get and then, in the same motion, firing them to the proper base. At the bat, except for an ability to bunt well, he was nothing much, but he managed to draw a lot of walks and he made up in spirit what he lacked in power. Once, when an opposing hurler tried to quick-pitch him on a third strike, Leo threw his bat at the mound. The pitcher never tried it again. Tom



IN BUSH LEAGUE DAYS Leo played for New England teams, including Springfield's Wico Electric Co. mine. In this picture, made in 1924, he is second from right in back row. A shortstop even then, he was a good fielder, poor hitter, but with plenty of brawn.

Fitzgerald, manager of the Merricks, drew a proper early bead on the youthful Durocher. "The fans were never indifferent about him," he recalls. "Either they loved him or they hated him."

Leo also played for the Wico team in a local industrial league and for the immaculate Conception Church in the Catholic Junior League. According to Harry Nunn, at the time a railroad foreman who coached baseball on the side, Leo "lived and thought and dreamed and acted baseball. Pretty soon he was playing with every team in the area he could get money from. He started playing for my church team after it had lost its first four games. When I put it up to Leo he admitted that he wanted a shot at the Eastern League. I told him to stay with us for a year and I'd see that he got his chance." By the time Nunn got a promise from Jack O'Hara of the Hartford club to give Durocher a tryout, Leo wasn't so sure he wanted it. Not only was he aware of his batting limitations, but he was earning nearly \$50 a week assembling motorcycle batteries at piece rates at Wico. A Negro welder named David Redd who worked alongside him in the factory kept prodding him.

"I told him not to worry about getting a leave," Redd recalls. "You can always get a job." I said, "you're a young fellow, and you're a better ball-player than all the others around here. You're different." Durocher took Redd's advice and he has always been grateful for it. (He and Redd have remained friends and Redd can take some credit for Durocher's having been, from the outset, one of the staunchest advocates of bringing Negroes into organized baseball. Until last year, when he suddenly was asked to pay for World Series tickets, Redd always got passes from Leo for nothing. But if he ever expected additional rewards, he never got them.)

"I took two weeks' leave from Wico in the spring of 1925 to try out at Hartford," Durocher remembers. "The manager was Paddy O'Connor, a tough man of the old school. I knew I couldn't hit a ball's behind with a paddle, but it wasn't long before everyone was talking about how I could field. When my two weeks were up, nobody said anything to me, though, and I had to lay it on the line to O'Connor myself. I didn't want to lose my job with Wico if I wasn't going to stick, but I was scared as hell to talk to Paddy. Finally I got up enough nerve to go up to his hotel room. He was sitting at a table, smoke-

continued on next page



"Careful, Don't Waste a Drop"

By Don Conkle

My companion and I thought it would be a great day for fishing but the fish were sulky. Three hours out—and not a nibble! So we decided to have a spot of Old Smuggler. We had barely tasted our drinks when a big bass struck and almost dunked my rod before I could grab it. For a few minutes I tried to juggle both the drink and the rod, and was in danger of losing both. Fortunately, my friend called me to my senses. "Careful, Don," he said, "don't waste a drop—that's Old Smuggler." I lost the bass, but I didn't waste a drop of Old Smuggler. P. S. Fifteen minutes later I hooked a bunker and landed him.

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DUROCHER

continued from page 67

ing a big black cigar. "How does it look, Mr. O'Connor?" I said. All he did was grunt and growl. That scared me even more. I got out of there and took off for home."

A few days later, the afternoon before the season started, the regular Hartford shortstop got hurt, and early the following morning Durocher's sponsor, O'Hara, appeared at the Waco factory gate. He virtually shanghaied Leo and drove him hurriedly to New Haven, where Hartford was scheduled to open. They made it just at game time. "I remember I dressed in the car, behind the stands," Leo says. "There was skin on the field, no grass, but I handled eight chances without an error and I also got two hits. I was flying."

"HE'S GOT MOXIE"

One of the great baseball scouts, Paul Krichell of the New York Yankees, had been tipped off about Durocher and had seen him play some semipro ball. Krichell had been impressed by the glove work, but Leo's hitting had given him pause. "I could have had him for nothing if I had had enough guts," he mused, not long ago. "Instead he cost us \$7,500." At that, Durocher seemed something less than a sure-fire bet to hit the majors. He played 151 games for Hartford in 1925, fielded .933 but batted only .250. Krichell nevertheless became convinced that the young man was so good in the field that he would make the grade, and the current great Yankees of Ruth, Gehrig, Combs, Meusel & Co. were scarcely in need of another slugger. Still, when Krichell telephoned the late Ed Barrow, the Yankees' general manager, and told him to buy Durocher, Barrow snorted. "Durocher!" he said. "He's hardly hitting his weight." Krichell was adamant. "He'll be great," he said. "He's got moxie." Barrow gave in.

Durocher got into two games as a pinch-hitter late in 1925 for the Yanks (he went 0 for 1). In 1926, optioned to Atlanta in the Southern Association, he fielded .937 and hit .238 in 130 games. The following season he stepped up to St. Paul in the American Association, where he fielded .945 and hit a respectable .253 in 171 contests. Krichell's prediction—that his hitting would at least justify his genius with a glove—began to seem true, and in the spring of 1928, Leo was back with the Yanks. It might have been for good, but it wasn't; in more ways


than one, he was to prove a sensation.

No louder rasping voice had ever grated out of a raw rookie's mouth than Durocher's from the first day of spring training on. Just who tagged him Lappy is not clear, but it was the perfect nickname. With yellow-reddish hair, blond eyelashes and fleshy, muscular features that included a large nose and a strong jaw, he looped through the league chattering like a fresh young monkey in the jungle. His jockeying of rival players, managers and umpires from the outset demonstrated a remarkable, animal-like ability to ferret out someone else's weaknesses or foibles; and the bigger they were and the tougher, the quicker Durocher went after them.

It wasn't long before he tangled with the great Cobb, who at 41, coming down the stretch of his tremendous career, was in no mood to be dealt with by a brash buster. One day, shortly after the season opened, Cobb was on first and Tris Speaker was at bat. Playing second for the injured Tony Lazzeri, Durocher gave Cobb a hip as Ty span around second just in front of a low liner. Leo picked the ball up and threw him out at third. When the inning was over, Cobb threatened to step on his face if he ever tried the same stunt again. Leo taunted him back, told him he should settle for an armchair and threatened, in turn, to stuff the next ball he got down Cobb's throat. Back on the bench, fellow Yankees egged Durocher on, told him to call Cobb, known for his careful spending habits, a penny pincher. Leo harped on that in the following weeks. One afternoon the exacerbated Cobb waited for him below the stands after the game. Babe Ruth happened along just as Cobb was about to jump on Durocher. "What the hell you gonna do, hit a kid?" the Babe gruffly demanded. Durocher didn't wait. He recalls that "whether I ran or flew, I don't know, but I got the hell out of there as fast as I could."

George Moriarty, then managing the Detroit Tigers, was another powerful and angry man who became a Durocher target, as did Bob (Fatty) Fothergill, a rotund and uneven-tempered Tiger outfielder. Leo taunted Moriarty, coaching at third, so fiercely one day that Moriarty threw a ball at him from 10 yards away with all the speed he could muster. Spending it with his bare hand, Durocher rammed it back, hitting Moriarty painfully on the shins. Then he laughingly danced away. On another occasion, toward the

continued on next page



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LEO'S MOTHER beamed as she watched son's Brooklyn team beat Boston 4-2.

across from the Yankee Stadium, the owner of the store, after failing to reach Leo, decorated his window with the evidence of Durocher's insolvency. So Leo borrowed from someone else to pay the man off.

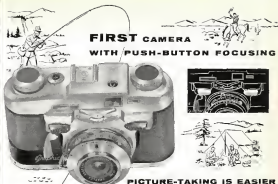
"Leo never reckoned the cost," one of his first friends in New York, Harry Lewine, now a prosperous fur buyer, says. "If he was down to his last \$1.50 and had a choice between having his pants pressed and a meal, he'd have his pants pressed."

BAD DAY FOR LEO

The big city took rapid hold on him, and he on it. Broadway especially drew him, and he became part of the Damon Runyon set. His Yankee uniform was his pass as he moved on the temporary cuff, seldom drinking but always yapping. He had appeared in only 10 games at the Stadium when, on June 23rd, 1928, the ill-conceived idea of throwing a "Leo Durocher Day" was concocted by some of his new-found friends. The Yanks lost a doubleheader to the Red Sox that afternoon, and Leo didn't even play an inning. That didn't faze him. His increasing subsequent appearances as a stop-gap in the creaking lineup had as much as anything else to do with the Yankees' retaining the pennant.

The following season he dropped to .246 but fielded .958. It was to prove his last with the Yanks. There are various explanations of his abrupt departure from New York and from the American League. Old-time Yankees say it was simply because of Leo's "companions," by which they mean his gay and sometimes questionable Broadway pals, including a motley array of

continued on page 72



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Rosemary Jones
Toronto, Canada



FRIEND UNTO DEATH was Yankees' Huggins, who kept Leo despite critics.

DUROCHER

continued from page 71

hangers-on at certain billiard parlors where Leo had resumed his old Springfield habit of taking on all comers and outwearing—also outpocketing—such men of championship caliber as Marcel Camp. He even got himself invited to play in the World's Pocket Billiard Championship. At one point, checking up on his multifarious outside activities, the Yankees assigned a private detective to follow Durocher. Not much was found out that Leo hadn't already bragged about.

FAREWELL TO THE YANKEES

There were other factors. His performance afield continued to be superb, but so much so that some of the tottering veterans resented it more and more. A conspiracy of sorts developed, calculated to embarrass Leo on the field. Durocher began finding fellow infielders hopping and curving balls to him on simple plays. Huggins was aware of what was happening, and he swore at the others and by Leo, threatening to rebuild his aging team around Gehrig, Dickey and Durocher. Durocher thought he was safe enough no matter what the others thought of him, but then Huggins suddenly died and he knew, just as surely, that he was through. He came to the parting of the ways with Ed Barrow in a post-season salary wrangle, during which, employing his customary shrill invective, he told the sedate but tough Yankee boss what to do with a renewed offer of \$6,500 a year and demanded \$8,500, citing not only his good play but his bad debts. Barrow made up his mind right then that Leo would have to go.

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A short time later, Dan Howley, manager of the Cincinnati Reds in the National League, who had been a good friend of Huggins', told his owner-boss, Sidney Weil, that he thought Durocher could be bought. Weil went to see Barrow, who demanded \$25,000. "I started to walk out, figuring I'd been thrown out of better places," Weil recalls. "Then Barrow told me to sit down. In 10 minutes I had bought Durocher for the waiver price (\$7,500) and a minor league player."

The fact that Leo was waived out of the league by seven other clubs was undoubtedly the result of his unenviable reputation, although Connie Mack was later said to have been miffed at the way the waivers went through and to have been willing to pay as much as \$30,000 to bring Durocher to the Athletics. At any rate, Leo had undergone his first major league crisis. There are those who still maintain he was lucky, under the circumstances, to have survived it.

The question of Leo Durocher's luck can be, and has been, widely debated. One recent afternoon down south, that venerable and knowledgeable observer of the baseball scene, Branch Rickey (SI, March 7), was considering the question. Being a self-made man himself, Rickey was inclined to play luck down. "Leo is an organized fellow," he said. "Now, anyway. But it was always there, potentially, his capacity for self-organization. He's where he is because of destiny. Good fortune and Leo came together. Luck is what's left over, the residue of design. He's prepared by reflex to grab luck when he sees it. He's got a genius for handling it."

Rickey, who was among the most fortunate things that ever befell Durocher, was perhaps leaning over backwards. Durocher's abilities undoubtedly include a highly facile and quick mind to match his fast hands, but in the spring of 1930, three years before Rickey himself undertook his famous reclamation project, Leo Durocher was a young man whose whole baseball future was in doubt. Certainly the element of luck was also present when, like a cat falling on its feet, he came under the protective wing at this moment of Weil, a close friend of Rickey's and widely regarded as one of the finest men ever to have been in baseball—one whose own bad luck, in the aftermath of the depression, cost him the ownership of his ball club.

Had it not been for Weil's patience, kindness and tolerance, Durocher

continued on next page

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might not have played a single game in 1930. No sooner had he made his deal to bring Leo to the lowly Reds, who were floundering around in the National League cellar, than Weil began receiving bills Durocher had left unpaid in New York. They poured in from everywhere—hotels, haberdasheries and night clubs—and his total indebtedness came to about \$20,000. Weil went down to Orlando, Florida, where the Reds were training, and called Leo into his room. "I made a deal with him that I'd keep all his money and give him just enough to get along on, considerably less than \$100 a week," Weil recalls. "I told him, 'I understand you're a smart dresser. You look it. I'm sure you've got enough clothes right now—so don't buy any more.' He promised me not to. Sure enough, three days later I got a bill from a Cincinnati clothing store for \$385. I made him send everything back except the sweater he was already wearing."

Like Huggins before them, Weil and Howlin' Dan Howley grew oddly fond of Durocher. "He ran around town a lot and was always dressed fit to kill—that's how he got the name 'Sharpie'—but he was a popular player," Weil says. "He had to be. Inside those chalk lines nobody worked harder than Leo Durocher. After a while I started taking him around with me as a speaker. He was fast on his feet behind a plat-form too. He'd tell a lot of stories about

his days with the Yankees, and they'd go over big."

Even the few players who had no use for Durocher knew his value. Larry Benton, one of the better Red pitchers, who disliked Leo from the start, said, "I still want him behind me. He saves me two runs a game. He goes after double play balls no one else would even try for." In 1930 Durocher played both short and second for Cincinnati; he hit .243 and fielded .963. The next season he took over at short from Horace Ford, and with Tony Cuccinello he tied the league double-play record of 151 for a keystone combination, although his hitting sloughed off to .227. It fell another 10 points the following year. By then Durocher had got himself into trouble again.

He had met a good-looking 19-year-old show girl named Ruby Hartley, who had been going out with a son of Weil's partner, to whom she had become engaged. After some family intervention, the engagement was broken and a breach of promise suit was settled. Leo and Ruby had a quick romance and, in 1932, were married. The marriage soon fell apart. Not too long after Ruby gave birth to a daughter, it broke up completely. Leo's debts were meanwhile on the rise again.

Sidney Weil had done all he could as long as he could, but by this time he was having his own financial woes. When the depression began catching up with him—it had hit the Reds too, and the team finished last in 1931 and 1932—Durocher became expendable.

Weil now says that if he had had enough money to make the gamble, he would have appointed Leo his manager, even though Durocher was only 28. But when Branch Rickey, seeking a shortstop to replace the injured Charlie Gelbert, who had been hurt in a hunting accident, came to him Weil reluctantly had to listen. Having failed to land Dick Bartell, peppery shortstop of the Phillies, with whom Durocher had just had a nasty spiking fight, Rickey was in desperate need of help, and he was making a seemingly astonishing offer.

"At first I told him I'd talk about anyone but Leo," Weil recalls, "but then he insisted I hear him out. And when he offered me Pitchers Paul Deringer and Allyn Stout plus veteran Infielder Sparky Adams, I had to think about it. I was especially high on Deringer—he later was the big man in two pennant drives for the Reds. Branch wanted a shortstop so badly that he was offering me \$150,000 worth of ballplayers for a \$30,000 man. I had to say yes." Weil ultimately threw in two unimportant players, and Durocher was on his way again. He hated to go. In fact, at first he refused. Weil, he insisted, had become another father to him, his third—after his own and Huggins—and Rickey was nothing but a slave driver. Persuasion and baseball law prevailed, however, and Leo went west sadly.

SOMEONE TO PROTECT HIM

Sidney Weil still speaks of Durocher with fondness and with a touch of nostalgia as well. "He needs someone to protect him," he says. "He's lucky that he's always had—someone."

Durocher also speaks warmly of Weil. "Sidney was a real wonderful man," he says. "He took good care of me. I was constantly in some sort of trouble, and he did everything he could for me, always."

What Durocher may not know is that Weil, some years later, also as a result of the long friendship with Rickey, was to help save his job as manager of Brooklyn, at least for a time. Even without knowing that, it is one of the paradoxes of Leo Ernest Durocher that he is both generous and thoughtless, that he both remembers and forgets. He can remember, for example, as his Hollywood guests have discovered, exactly what each of them drinks, down to the most special whiskey or even the most particular brand of tea for abstainers. It's been said of him, further, that his loyalty is unsurpassed, that "once a friend, always a friend."



BILL KIANG

"What are you in for—perjury?"



FRIEND IN NEED was Cincinnati's Weil, who rescued Leo from Yankee wolves.

"You might see Leo every day for five weeks and then never hear from him for five months," says Harry Lewine, his New York pal. "O.K. If you want to be his friend, you have to be patient. What do his friends get in return? He'll go to hell for you, that's the kind of guy he is."

There is considerable evidence that this is so, but it would also seem to have depended on whether hell was on the way to where Durocher was going or whether he wanted to bother taking the time off to stop. He has given special short shrift to some of the longer obligations of friendship. Weil doesn't like to talk about it, but some years after Leo had left Cincinnati, he telephoned Durocher long distance one day and asked him, as a favor, to stop by en route to New York. Seeking to get back on his feet (he's made it now, as a highly successful insurance executive), Weil wanted Leo, whom he had trained as a speaker as well as a ball-player and a man, to appear at an important meeting of insurance executives. Durocher promised to be there. He never came. When Weil telephoned him twice in New York, a voice that was obviously Durocher's each time claimed that "Mr. Durocher is sick." Weil gave up.

"We see each other occasionally," he now says. "We're friendly. He still likes me, I'm sure of that, and I still like him. The things he does sometimes, he can't help them."

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE "AT THE GASHOUSE"

In St. Louis Durocher found a new friend, Branch Rickey, and some kindred spirits among members of the Gashouse Gang.

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May 20 through May 29

FRIDAY, MAY 20

Auto Racing

NASCAR midget race, Morristown, N.J.
AAA midget race, Lafayette, Ind.
Circuit of Champions 100-lap race, Oklahoma City.

Boxing

● Gél Turner vs. Ramon Fuenes, welterweights.
● Mad Sq. Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).

Golf

U.S. vs. Great Britain, for Walker Cup, St. Andrews, Scotland (also May 27).
British Ladies' Open Amateur Final, Royal Portrush, N. Ireland.
Mid-American Conference championship, Athens, Ohio (also May 21).

Tenck & Field

Los Angeles Coliseum Relays, Los Angeles, Wis. Santos to try for mile record.
Big Seven outdoor championships, Lawrence, Kan.

Water Skiing

Southeastern U.S. regional championships, Riviera Beach, Fla. (until May 22).

SATURDAY, MAY 21

Auto Racing

Indianapolis "500" qualifying trials, Indianapolis (also May 22).
NASCAR 100-m. stock car race, Lancaster, S.C.
NASCAR short track mtl. race, Jersey City, N.J.
AAA midget race, Hartford, Pa.

Baseball

● Brooklyn vs. Philadelphia, Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, N.Y., 1:55 p.m. (CBS*).
● New York vs. Baltimore, Yankee Stadium, N.Y., 1:55 p.m. (Mutual*).

Harness Racing

Henny Hole, \$10,000, 1 1/16 m., free-for-all pace, Rosecroft Raceway, Oron H.H. Rd.

Horse Racing

Camden Handicap, \$30,000, 1 1/8 m., 3-yr.-olds, up Garden State Pk., Camden, N.J.
Withers Stakes, \$25,000, 1 m., 3-yr.-olds, Belmont Pk., N.Y.
Dorset Stakes, \$25,000, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds, colts & geldings, Hollywood Pk., Inglewood, Calif.
Confidential Turf Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/8 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Belmont, Homewood, Ill.
Dodge Handicap, \$25,000, 1 3/8 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Pimlico, Md.

● Infil Steeplechase Handicap, \$20,000, about 2 m., 4-yr.-olds up, Belmont Pk., N.Y., 4:15 p.m. (ABC).

Hunt Racing

Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club, Media, Pa.

Rowing

Carnegie Cup (Coxless), Princeton, Yale, Princeton, N.J.
Goldwater Cup (Harvard, Yale, Princeton 150-lb. crews), New Haven, Conn.
Stonbury Cup regatta, Philadelphia.
California vs. Wisconsin, Berkeley, Calif.
Stanford vs. UCLA, Redwood City, Calif.

Sailing

Rosen Spring series, Detroit.
Annapolis YC Spring races, Annapolis, Md.

Tenck & Field

Modesto Relays, Modesto, Calif.

SUNDAY, MAY 22

Auto Racing

Henson Grand Prix, Monaco.
NASCAR 100-m. stock car race, Richmond, Va.
Circuit of Champions 100-lap race, Houston, Tex.

Baseball

● Brooklyn vs. Philadelphia, Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, N.Y., 2 p.m. (Mutual*).

Bicycling

50-m. sr. race, Bloomfield, N.J.

Golf

Kansas City Open final, Kansas City, Mo.

Mountain

Natl. AAU sr. marathon, Yonkers, N.Y.

Rodeo

World Championship calf roping, Clovis, N. Mex.

Walking

Natl. AAU 48-km. championship, Cincinnati.

MONDAY, MAY 23

Boxing

● Joe Meach vs. Virgil Alous, welterweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (Bu-Mont).

Harness Racing

Symbol Gentle, \$10,000, 1 1/16 m., free-for-all trot, Rosecroft Raceway, Oron H.H. Rd.

TUESDAY, MAY 24

Baseball

● Los vs. India, Thomas Cup Inter-Zone play-off, Singapore (also May 25).

Baseball

● Chicago vs. St. Louis, Wrigley Field, Chicago, 2:25 p.m. (Mutual*).

Horse Racing

Gossie Girl Stakes, \$50,000, 1 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Hollywood Pk., Inglewood, Calif.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 25

Auto Racing

AAA midget race, Cincinnati.

Baseball

● New York vs. Washington, Yankee Stadium, N.Y., 1:55 p.m. (Mutual*).

Boxing

● Holly Mills vs. Charley Green, middleweights, St. Louis Arena (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (CBS*).

Horse Racing

Epsom Derby, 1 1/2 m., 3-yr.-olds, Epsom Downs, England.
"Saffack 21," \$30,000, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds, Suffolk Downs E. Boston, Mass.
Apprentice Stakes, \$15,000, 5 1/2 f., 2-yr.-olds, Belmont, Homewood, Ill.
Natl. Stakes Stakes (colts & geldings), \$30,000, 5 f., 2-yr.-olds, Belmont Pk. (winner choice), N.Y.

THURSDAY, MAY 26

Baseball

● Cleveland vs. Chicago, Municipal Stadium, Cleveland, 1:25 p.m. (Mutual*).

Golf

Fl. Wayne Open, Ft. Wayne, Ind. (until May 29).

Horse Racing

Belmont Spring Maiden Staircase, \$7,500, about 2 m., 4-yr.-olds up, Belmont Pk., N.Y.

Sailing

Tampa-Boca Grande yacht race, Tampa, Fla.

Tennis

Big Ten championships, Evanston, Ill. (until May 28).

FRIDAY, MAY 27

Baseball

Australia vs. Denmark, Thomas Cup Inter-Zone play-off, Singapore (also May 26).

Baseball

● Chicago vs. Milwaukee, Wrigley Field, Chicago, 2:25 p.m. (Mutual*).

Boxing

● Lalo Perez vs. Carmelo Costa, lightweights, Mad Sq. Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).
Ray Fanchies vs. Billy Kelly, for European featherweight title, Donnybrook, Ireland (15 rds.).
Championships of Europe (amateur), Berlin (until June 4).

Golf

Big Ten championship, Lafayette, Ind.

Harness Racing

William E. Miller Memorial, \$7,500, 1 m., 2-yr.-old pace, Rosecroft Raceway, Oron H.H. Rd.

Horse Racing

Junior League Stakes, \$15,000, 5 f., 2-yr.-old fillies, bred in California, Hollywood Pk., Inglewood, Calif.

Rowing

Natl. schoolboy championships, Philadelphia.

Tenck & Field

ICAA outdoor championships, Downing Stadium, Rockland, N.Y. (also May 28).
Big Ten championships, Columbus, Ohio (also May 28).
Pacific Coast Conference championships, Eugene, Ore. (also May 28).

SATURDAY, MAY 28

Auto Racing

NASCAR 100-m. stock car race, Raleigh, N.C.
Circuit of Champions 100-lap race, Jeffersonville, Ind.
AAA midget race, Kokomo, Ind.
Santa Barbara road races, Santa Barbara, Calif. (also May 29).

Baseball

● New York vs. Brooklyn, Polo Grounds, N.Y., 1:55 p.m. (CBS*).

● Detroit vs. Chicago, Briggs Stadium, Detroit, 2:55 p.m. (Mutual*).

Horse Racing

● Presque Stakes, \$20,000, 1 3/16 m., 3-yr.-olds, Pimlico, Md., 5:30 p.m. (CBS).
● Coaching Club American Oaks, \$30,000, 1 1/8 m., 3-yr.-old fillies, Belmont Pk., N.Y., 4:15 p.m. (ABC).
Argonaut Handicap, \$25,000, 1 m., 3-yr.-olds, colts & geldings, Hollywood Pk., Inglewood, Calif.
● Colonial Handicap, \$25,000, 6 f., 3-yr.-old up fillies & mares, Garden State Pk., Camden, N.J.
Conquest Stakes, \$20,000, 6 f., 3-yr.-old fillies, Belmont, Homewood, Ill.

Horse Shows

Devon Horse Show, Devon, Pa. (until June 4).

Hunt Racing

Adjutant Hunt Meet, Purchase, N.Y.

Gosner Hunt Meet, Leesville, Ky.

Judo

Natl. AAU judo championships, Los Angeles (also May 29).

Rowing

Western sprint championships, Newport Beach, Calif.
Oregon entries are Washington, UCLA, Southern California, Oregon State, California, Stanford, Navy and British Columbia.

Sailing

Buckner Deane Race, Conantian YC, San Francisco, Calif. (until May 30).

Tennis

Japan vs. Philippines, Davis Cup Eastern Zone elimination, Tokyo (until May 30).

Tenck & Field

AAU Jr. Olympics and Invitational Decathlon, Tallah, Calif.

SUNDAY, MAY 29

Auto Racing

NASCAR 100-m. stock car race, Winston-Salem, N.C.
NASCAR short track stock car race, Gardens, Calif.
AAA midget races, Indianapolis & Allentown, Pa.

Baseball

● New York vs. Brooklyn, Polo Grounds, N.Y., 2 p.m. (Mutual*).

Boxing

Peterson Classic ends, Chicago.

Motorcycling

AIAA sanctioned 5-m. natl. championship dirt track race, Richmond, Va.

Motorboating

NOA North-South championships, Quincy & Camo, Ill. & Clarksville, Tenn.

Speerfishing

Inter-American Underwater Spearfishing Championships, Gaymans, Sonoma, Mexico.

*See local listing

WE UNDER-1,500-CC UNDERDOGS
Sirs:

Yesterday when I was having my Porsche worked over at Ecurie Von Neumann, the talk was of the Mille Miglia. It was lamented that only the big car results were known and the standings of the under-1,500-cc class wouldn't likely be forthcoming until later in the month. What should appear but your May 9th issue with a splendid and detailed account of the race and a complete tally of the results for all classes.

We under-1,500-cc owners are as interested in the small car results as in the big cars. Just as in sailboat racing, there is as much or more interest in the small classes as there is in the America's Cup class. It is only part of the story to tell the prowess of the big cars or big boats where other classes are racing simultaneously. Not infrequently in a general handicap or an index of performance rating, the smaller vessels or cars in their respective categories oop the overall championship. Notable example: 22-square-meter boats at Put In Bay in the past, DB Panhard at Le Mans. It is always appealing to the American sympathy for the underdog to learn how these relatively undersized competitors have bested much larger and more costly equipment.

NORMAN WILLIAMSON JR.

Claremont, Calif.

BALLOONING, ANYONE?

Sirs:

As an engineer with the Office of Naval Research, actively engaged in piloted balloon projects, and as special adviser on ballooning matters to the National Aeronautic Association and Fédération Aéronautique Internationale, I saw with great pleasure your balloon pictures and article of 9 May 1955.

Since the end of World War II, I have been a member of groups attempting to revive ballooning. One of our major objectives has been the revival of the Gordon Bennett International Balloon Race in which balloonists participated from all over the world. Distances of a thousand miles were flown in this race which received immense publicity and was considered a major news event of the year. We expected to revive the event in 1949 with a take-off from Holland but inability to cross the Iron Curtain forced its cancellation. Only in America can a completely unrestricted international race now be held.

J. GORDON VARTY

Glen Head, N.Y.

NOTHING COMPARES WITH THE THRILL

Sirs:

I used to balloon with Pilot Fairbanks when we flew six men in a two-man basket and had to pay the gas company in advance before they would fill the bag. That was the era when Larry Bell was getting his airplane company started and he naturally participated in all forms of aircraft activity. On one such balloon trip the crew and Mr. Bell were beset in a fog over Lake Erie. Under such conditions ordinary human voices have phenomenal carrying power so that the balloonists could shout down

to inquire after their whereabouts and were informed by fishermen fishing in the fog, "Over Lake Erie." The future airplane magnate growled, "How the hell do we get out of here?"

Few things compare with the thrill of being suspended aloft in the vast expanse of the big, wide, open, intangible, chill, lonesome night and wondering if the pilot of some oncoming air transport liner is going to miss the helpless, minuscule, lonesome, vital bit of isolated stuff that's you; of coming in for a landing on a beautiful, golden, calm, August stubble field at an easy 30 feet above the ground and being carried miraculously straight up like a runaway kite that's been let go 5,000 English feet as if by the hand of God—on an unpredictable thermal bubble of hot air.

No sir, nothing, not even the tickle of a trigger-happy Guatemalan soldier objecting to nocturnal picture taking, nor the presence of a man from the Internal Revenue objecting to your helplessness, can compare to it for sheer thrill, suspense and glamour.

SI Ans come into being, it is the best, and it does fill the requirements for a superlative magazine that has become a part of the basic economy and culture of the nation.

JOHN P. ZINTLOW JR.

Buffalo, N.Y.

WE ARE ANXIOUS TO GET STARTED
Sirs:

The article on ballooning in SI May 9 has kindled a dormant desire to get into this thrilling sport. I have always been fascinated by balloons, and when this record article hit me, I was really hooked.

You said in this article that it costs about \$100 per ascent. You also mention that parachutes were used. Can these be obtained surplus, and if so where? If you could get information on this for me I would be most grateful. I have two friends who are going to embark on this fascinating sport with me, and we are anxious to get started this summer.

GARRETT CADOT ROBERTS

Kable Station, Va.

● Although man has soared in free flight for almost two centuries, each new enthusiast finds himself a lonely pioneer. The sole practical source of balloons is the U.S. Navy which occasionally in the past has released a surplus craft. Obtaining a gas supply is a further problem, as is getting yourself and your balloon licensed by the CAA. However, if you are content to make it a group effort, Tony Fairbanks (230 Rutgers Avenue, Swarthmore, Pa.)

continued on next page



would be glad to welcome you as a member of the Balloon Club of America, if you are willing to pay the \$20 initiation fee, dues of \$5 a month and put in some hard work with the ground crews before starting your instructional flights. —ED.

GREAT NARRATIVES

Sirs:

I have just returned from Elko, Nevada, where I was a gun at the Chesapeake Retriever Trials. Awaiting me were three instalments of Tensing Norgay's autobiography in *SI*. I read them with fascination. It is, to my mind, one of the most gripping narratives ever written of a mountain climber's life and thoughts and of great expeditions.

Mr. Ullman is a consummate architect of style. The simple, direct words give me the feeling that he is listening to Tensing tell his story while sitting beside the fire in his own home. Only a man who loves mountains and knows them intimately could have written it with such sensitivity and understanding.

One knows that an almost fanatical dedication to a self-appointed task drove Tensing on Everest had taken complete possession of his mind and being. The idea was so dominant that had he not been one of those who reached the summit of Everest he would have considered his whole life to be a failure.

This book, I believe, will have an enduring place as one of the great narratives in the literature of exploration.

ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS

Carmel Valley, Calif.

● Mr. Andrews, explorer, writer and former Director of the American Museum of Natural History, ought to know. —ED.

THE COMMON LANGUAGE

Sirs:

I've just finished the third *Tiger of Everest* article and write to congratulate you on a fine job. How fine it is to see a real-life man thumping through the pages, a real sportsman, a lover of the hills, and a man who speaks the language common to sportsmen the world over. Tensing is a very great human being, and his book is a fine portrait, honest and clear. Thanks for adding it to your already impressive articles.

CHARLES S. HOUSTON

Exeter, N.H.

● Dr. Houston (*SI*, Sept. 13) is himself the author of a first-rate book about mountain climbing. His *K2, The Savage Mountain*, is the story of the 1953 attempt which he led on the world's second highest mountain (28,250 feet). —ED.

ANOTHER GREAT ADVENTURER

Sirs:

Tensing Norgay's climbing of Mt. Everest brought to mind the words of another great climber and adventurer—George Leigh Mallory. Spoken some 30 years ago, they still challenge every man who has adventure in his soul.

"We expect no mercy from Everest; yet perhaps it will be as well he should not deign to take much notice of the little group

of busy ones on the great north side, or at all events, that he should not observe among the scattered remnants he has put to flight still existent the wit, perhaps the power, to sting his nose tip."

BENNETT T. CUMMINGS

Pullman, Wash.

FIVE STOOD IN THAT LINE

Sirs:

Being away from the Philadelphia area for several years meant missing the Penn Relays. Your excellent picture story (*SI*, May 2) was the next best thing to actually being there at Franklin Field. I was particularly impressed by the shot of those kids nervously awaiting their turn to run; it possessed a candor and a suggestion of latent action seldom captured on film. And it really let loose the old butterflies for I've stood in that line half a dozen times myself. All I ever got for my trouble, however, was a spattering of spit-dung raindrops.

S. SCOT. ROY FOSTER JR.

Shaw AFB, S.C.

FOUR VISITORS IN '45

Sirs:

Your recent story on the Penn and Drake Relays brings back pleasant memories. As track manager for Wayne University it was my pleasure to make three trips to Penn with our squad. One 1949 visit is one that we still talk about with swelled chests around here and one which still merits attention whenever trackmen talk about the Penn Relays.

We took only four men to the Relays—Lorenzo Wright, of the 1948 Olympic team, Buddy Coleman, Leon Wingo and Irv Petross. This foursome took the 880-yard relay in 1:26, the 440-yard relay in 41.7 while Wright and Coleman ran two-three by inches behind Indiana's Chuck Peters in the 100-yard dash, won in .99.7. Just to make the day complete Wright took the broad jump in 23 feet 8½ inches to give Wayne three outright titles, a second and a third. The two trophies and the nine gold watches were on display for a week in downtown Detroit.

Wright is a successful coach and teacher in Detroit as is Petross. Coleman and Wingo are both on the police force now.

PAUL J. FENTRECH

Detroit

ALSO IN THE MONEY

Sirs:

I read with interest the article by James Murray in *SI*, May 9 entitled *Golf, Gambling, and Auctioneers*. However, my curiosity over the final results of the Tournament of Champions was not satisfied by the knowledge that Gene Littler was the winner. I would also like to know who won the other six places for money in the tournament.

VINCENT R. LANNOTTI

Watertown, N.Y.

● Toski, Cooper and Barber tied for second place, so their owners (F. Huddspeth, J. Blankenship and D. Frankel) combined second, third and fourth place money and split it three ways: each got \$27,337.50. The Messrs. Gil Dye (Maxwell), R. E. Peters (Furgol) and Chuck Ross (Middlecoff) all made \$9,112.50 from their chateaux' three-way tie for fifth place. —ED.

PAUL PUT THE CAP ON

Sirs:

In his discussion of the early season baseball situation (*SI*, May 9), Robert Creamer was appropriately rhapsodic about the one-hitter hurled by Bob Feller and the 16-strikeout game authored by Herb Score.

That remarkable double performance for the Indians on May 1, he suggests, is unparalleled in baseball history. Not so.

When the Cashouse Gang represented St. Louis, Dizzy and Paul Dean combined to amaze the crowd attending a double-header between the Cards and, I believe, the Boston Braves. After Dix had subdued the Braves properly with a one-out opener, Paul put the cap on the bottle with a no-hit effort.

In fact, it could have very well been a double no-hitter. Dizzy has reputedly intimated as much ("If I'da known Paul was gonna throw a no-hitter, I wouldn'ta give up that one hit in the first game").

We loyal Cardinal fans, oh, hopes pinned on Stanky to bring St. Louis a new supply of pennants, will concede Feller and Score second place.

JACK MILLER

South Bend

● Dix pitched a three-hitter, not a one-hitter, and it was against the Dodgers. That leaves one pitching masterpiece, plus Dizzy's deathless quote ("If I'da known you was gonna pitch a no-hitter, I'da th'owed one myself."). Bob Creamer repeats his question: who can remember another double-header with two such remarkable pitching performances? —ED.

A CAUSE TO PLAY FOR

Sirs:

H. Allen Smith's entertaining and informative May 9 article *Gene Are the Days of the Golf-Snapping Rule* prompts me to offer this idea: let's have an annual ball game between the Country Boys and the City Boys in both leagues. This game, as far as I know, would be the only occasion in which players from both leagues are intermingled. Teammate would play against teammate, yet there would be a CAUSE to play for. The Country Boys must come from communities of less than 2,000, and the City Boys from 100,000 and over. Here is my suggestion for a line-up.

COUNTRY BOYS

PLAYER	HOME TOWN	POPULATION
Adeock	Coptham, La.	1,788
Schoendienst	Cermantown, Ill.	811
Hoak	Roulette, Pa.	820
Furillo	Stony Creek Mills, La.	750
Feller	Van Meter, Iowa	364
Kell	Swifton, Ark.	39
Wynn	Harford, Ala.	1,655
Mantle	Spavinsaw, Okla.	213
Ashburn	Tilden, Neb.	1,053
Courtney	Hall Summit, La.	509

CITY BOYS

D. Williams	Dallas	434,462
B. Thomson	Chicago	1,089,555
Rizzuto	New York	7,881,957
Ford	New York	7,881,957
Snider	Los Angeles	1,976,355
Camparella	Philadelphia	2,071,605
Antonelli	Rochester	332,488
J. Robinson	Philadelphia	2,071,605
Maucler	St. Louis	856,796
Fain	San Antonio	408,442

Country Slaughter would serve as non-playing captain of the Country Boys. (His nickname qualifies him although his home town—Rustons, N.C.—has a population of 4,321.)

"Phil Ruzio can captain the City Boys because he wears suede shoes."

JACK TAYLOR

Stovall (pop. 410), N.C.

RETURN OF THE EGYPTIAN

Sirs:

I have just been reading E & D's comments (84, April 25) on the return of the Egyptian hound dog. Since reading the story, I have seen Connie on Dave Garraway's show and have to admit that the dog bears a strong resemblance to our dog Ralph. We have never fooled ourselves that Ralph was anything more than a purebred mongrel. However, his many friends here, who think him pretty special, feel there is some hope of establishing a definite category for his breed. His ancestry is a mystery because he moved in, leaving a neighbor's lodging in favor of ours. Since we felt we had committed a slight case of dogsnapping, we never discussed his background with the neighbors in question. However, his beauty is evidence that he came from good stock, whatever it may be. Like Mr. Heering, we have hoped to find a female face-sitter and start a new breed called Ralphs. He and Connie are alike in every respect.

GARDNER WRIGHT

White Sulphur Springs

● Too alike, unfortunately. Connie, despite the girlish lift of the name, is also a male.—ED



THE FIRST OF MANY RALPHS

SHOOT ONE, DRINK ONE

Sirs:

As a crow fancier of sorts—my talking, skiing pet, Old Crow, has beguiled me, movie audiences, TV fans, ski patrols, and the mahouts of a corn-queen's foundry—I found your report on the Baltimore slaughter horrifying (ENIGMA & DISCOVERIES, 84, April 4).

Hunting crows is one thing, and as practiced by my neighbors of the Litchfield Crow Hunt it is a friendly sport. Relax in a field frequented by the black-feathered

smarties; shoot one old crow; drink one; shoot one, drink one, and so on. There is a mellow perfection to the marksman who stays on target after a day on a regimen like this.

One must also respect a craftsman who becomes skilled in the caws of a crow. But jungle suit! mask! mesh wire! chicken feathers! Chicken, indeed! As well trap trout, with worms, in a sieve!

Let not the hunter claim that he rides his neighborhood of an unwanted pest. The hungry crow family, in a season, devours some 35,000 insects—mostly of types injurious to agriculture—and caterpillars. A farmer in Martha's Vineyard named Gardner Hammond, who managed to rid his property of crows by setting up a private bounty offer, lost an entire pasture crop of grass to white grubs, and was relieved the following year when crows returned after the bounty was withdrawn.

For his admitted depredations among duck and pheasant eggs, the crow repays man with his pavlovian war on the despoiling insect. Let's keep crow-shooting on a sporting basis, not on a war footing.

BEAUREGARD SMALL

Rowayton, Conn.

THE OTHER PITCHER

Sirs:

I read with much interest in the April 25 19TH HOURS a letter from Cliff Bohron telling us that old-time pitcher Joe Coesher, who pitched for Boston against Brooklyn 24 innings to a tie 35 years ago, is still active in sports. Leon Cadore, the man who that day pitched for Brooklyn, and I played ball at Gonzaga College, now Gonzaga University, Spokane, where he attended school from 1905 to 1908. Later we both pitched in the Spokane City League and semipro ball in this section of the country. As the years passed Leon was working for one of the mortgage companies here in Spokane, and I was associated with the Fidelity National Bank. He and a baseball scout came over to the bank one day and invited me to go East with them. I was young and had a good job so declined to go with them. Perhaps I made a mistake as Leon certainly made good and I continued on for some twenty-four years in the banking business. Nevertheless it is good to think of the fine times we had together and the many baseball games which we played together and against each other.

No lover of sports should be without your magazine.

J. G. ROTCHFORD

Spokane, Wash.

● Banking may be humdrum, but it's steady. Since he pitched his last major league game for the Giants in '24 Cadore has traveled a wide and rocky road. He played a little semipro ball in Florida, sold liquor, moved out West and came back, sold air conditioners and engaged in some stock transactions which ended in a grand-larceny charge. "The indictment was squashed," Cadore remembers vaguely. In 1931 Cadore had married Mae Ebbets, one of the three daughters of Charles H. Ebbets, millionaire president of the Brooklyn Baseball Club and godfather of Ebbets Field. "But we didn't get much out of that," recalls Cadore,

whose wife had borrowed heavily on her bitterly disputed inheritance years before she received it. Mrs. Cadore died in 1950. He still wants to work in baseball, "as a scout, for instance," and sees a lot of Brooklyn games on his lifetime pass. "But you can't eat a pass," Cadore says sadly.—ED.

HE BELONGED TO YOUNG AND OLD

Sirs:

Luigi Foeger's tribute to Hannes Schnelder was moving and richly deserved (18TH HOURS, 84, May 18).

Since 1943 I have met a lot of people on all levels of skiing. Many have welcomed me in wonderful ways. I can truthfully say, however, that never have I felt as genuinely welcome, and felt as though the welcome really was glad to see me, as I did every time that I walked over to the ski-school building at Cranmore and was greeted by Hannes running out the door to say hello.

One of the most impressive evidences of the adoration and respect which Hannes carried world-wide was evidenced at the FIS congress in 1958. We have never been listened to too seriously in the FIS. The Alpine and Scandinavian countries carry most of the weight. But in 1943 Hannes was a member (although nonvoting) of our delegation. Evidently even 50 years after his origination of the ideas that started all this skiing business, he still carried more weight at the FIS than any other man, and more people listened when he talked. Usually pioneers pass into disfavor; but here he was an amazing combination—a man who could be a pioneer and still retain admiration forever.

Hannes belonged to both the young and the old. The old-timers such as Arnold Lunn, Alice Kafer, Otto Schenke, all consider him as one of them; but you would find that the young-times like me, Brooks Dodge, and even the five-year-olds of North Conway considered that he was ours, too.

GEORGE MACOVER

President

Eastern Ski Association

Boston

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S

ALPHABET MATCHWIT





PRETTY ZALE PARRY RELAXES AT HOME. BONES UP ON THE PROBLEMS OF DECOMPRESSION FOR FUTURE DEEP-DIVING RECORD ATTEMPTS

ZALE PARRY: UNDER THE WAVES FOR LOVE

ROSALIA (ZALE) PARRY, one of the world's foremost women skin divers, might never have donned breathing apparatus had she not fallen in love. At 22, good-looking Zale holds the world skin-diving depth record for women—209 feet. But until she met Parry Bivens, 28, an aeronautical and aquatic engineer, Zale had never thought about the sport. Parry (there is nothing in the similarity of names) had been diving since childhood, and Zale took it up to be with him. They met while both were working for Douglas Aircraft in Santa Monica, Calif., and their first dates occurred six to 10 fathoms underwater off Santa Catalina Island. Zale took an immediate liking to skin diving ("You get sort of tingly all over and you feel good").

After hunting lobsters in the comparative shallows for a while, Zale prevailed on Parry to teach her the intricacies of deep diving. She spent long hours training in a swimming pool and in her nonswimming hours she devoured dozens of books on

the perils of nitrogen narcosis—drunkenness of the depths—and embolism and "the bends"—results of too swift an ascent from great depths. Zale made her successful record attempt last August, deciding to try only the night before. Parry hastily arranged for a tugboat and got the Coast Guard to officiate. Zale went into the water completely equipped, wearing a swimsuit, three woolen sweaters, long

Navy underwear, rubber diving suit, swim fins, weight belt, face plate and lung. She descended on a marked rope, to which was attached at 209 feet a slate and crayon. Parry accompanied her, pinching her at intervals to make sure she was all right. Zale hit bottom, spelled "Z-A-L-E" on the slate with the crayon and the record was hers.

Zale and Parry are now testing themselves for depths of 330 feet plus in the pressure chamber he has built in the backyard of his Mandeville Canyon home. Zale is certain she can master the difficulties of pressure and break her own mark.



POOL WORKOUT with full breathing equipment gives Zale and Parry Bivens practice for future deep-water diving sores.



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